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1920



**The
Reward
of
Patient
Love**

Edward Everett Putnam



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Book 1169 R4

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THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

AND

FLOWERS FROM THE
GARDEN OF THOUGHT

BY

EDWARD EVERETT PUTNAM
||



1920

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Do You Wish to Know Me?

I AM a grandson of Gen. Wm. Putnam who, as a Whig, with other leaders made demand on the Canadian and British parliaments for a responsible form of government.

The so-called demand and the clash that followed are known as the Canadian Rebellion of '37.

The Whigs obtained that for which they took up arms, but certain leaders were marked. My grandfather was one of these and a price was set on his head.

The result of the conflict was, that the Whigs were victors in defeat. They got what they demanded, as the price of peace, but the Tories remained in power.

During the unsettled period, while amnesties were being arranged and settled, my grandfather remained in Detroit, Mich. He was, however, induced by a Tory, who had professed friendship, to believe that he might safely return to his family and property.

He crossed into Canada at Detroit but had not gone far when he found himself surrounded by a large party, led by the Tory who persuaded him to cross.

They captured only his body. He was buried where he fell, and near him were buried, his betrayer and six more of those who tried to take him.

He left a family of seven children with their mother.

His sons and two brothers continued in the lumber business organized by the family, and a community containing

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many Putnams was named Putnamville. This was my birth-place, 1863.

Land was growing in value; and as the larger trees were cut and sold the lumber business became less profitable. Several members of the family married; family interests were divided, and other changes came about.

During the 50's three of the boys became excited by the stories of easy gold in California, put mortgages on their property, and went to see for themselves. They were disappointed, and after loss of time and money, returned and tried to take up their former mode of making a living. But, they were now burdened with a mortgage and another misfortune had overtaken them. While on their journey they had contracted a disease called roving-fever, which causes a spirit of unrest, a result of which was that, instead of settling down, they increased their debt and returned to California.

During this second absence, a very important event in my life occurred, and my father, whose name was Herkimer W. Putnam, could have told his associates in California a story strange to relate, if not rightly received. The story as told by one man to another was, that he had a wife and five children in Canada and had never seen one of them. It was simply an example of punctuation and inflection. My birth occurred during his absence, and I was the one he had never seen.

After a short stay in California my father returned to Canada to settle up his affairs, and to take his family with him. In this latter hope he failed on account of my mother's death, which occurred when I was but 14 months old.

So soon as he could make arrangements he started for California overland, taking me and my mother's sister with him.

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When I was about four years old, my father and two uncles went to a new gold camp, leaving me with my aunt in San Francisco.

The aunt becoming tired of the lonely life among strangers, decided to return to Canada, which she did, taking me with her.

If she left for my father any way of knowing what had become of us my father failed to find it, and more than six months had passed before he received word of assurance that we were safe.

This might be called a case of kidnapping. Hence may I claim that I was kidnapped when I was 4 years old.

From that date on I was everybody's boy and nobody's boy until I came in possession of myself when I was nineteen years old.

It would be a crime of ingratitude for me to close this paragraph without saying that during these tender years, when the elements of character are being formed in the mind of the child, I was most fortunate in being among near relatives who gave me all the blessings of a home where the best social, moral, and Christian influences constantly surrounded me, and where Thrift, Energy, and Ambition were my constant companions.

At the age of 19, I graduated, not from, but through the Collegiate Institute of St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada. I say that I graduated through it because I was not one of the students. Instead, I studied as I could, where I could, and when I could, and worked on a farm during busy seasons, and attended examinations at which I obtained my first teacher's diploma.

My experiences after that date all proved the truth of the saying that "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

I also learned that the world helps those who help them-

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selves, for I was given and offered help and encouragement on all sides.

I am now a gray-haired man and have filled many positions, in every case remaining as long as I wished to remain, and each and every position was offered to me, and many more that I could not accept.

I have a right to think that the world loves me, and I know that I love the world because it has been good to me, not so much in measure or quantity, but in quality. I am emotional, and sympathetic, and find such enjoyment in the pretty things of life that I think I have shed more tears of joy than of grief. I know the world is friendly, because I have learned that I cannot count my friends and do not know how to estimate them.

Since my 20th birthday I have taught school seven years, I have been accountant seven years for others, I have kept my own books twenty-two years, I have been a merchant twenty-two years and have been postmaster twenty-two years and notary public six.

The sum of all these periods of service would make it appear that I am a very old man, or raise a question regarding veracity. I might have added that I have occupied the position of husband twenty-five years. Just think of it, twenty-five years the servant of one woman.

The fact is that I am fifty-four years young, and that all my life I have been doing as many things as I could do and do them well.

Does anybody still wish to ask regarding my literary career? Let me answer that writing has been my chief occupation, a life time.

But, in sincerity let me answer also, that if the little book I am now offering to the world and its readers should prove

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a success to the extent of winning their approval and appreciation it will be my boast and pride during the rest of my life, that my first offering was accepted.

Does anyone ask why I should expect or hope that my initial offering should be accepted? Let me answer, that I make no claims; that I have no record upon which to stand or fall.

My thoughts come to me; they are my own, I do not gather them.

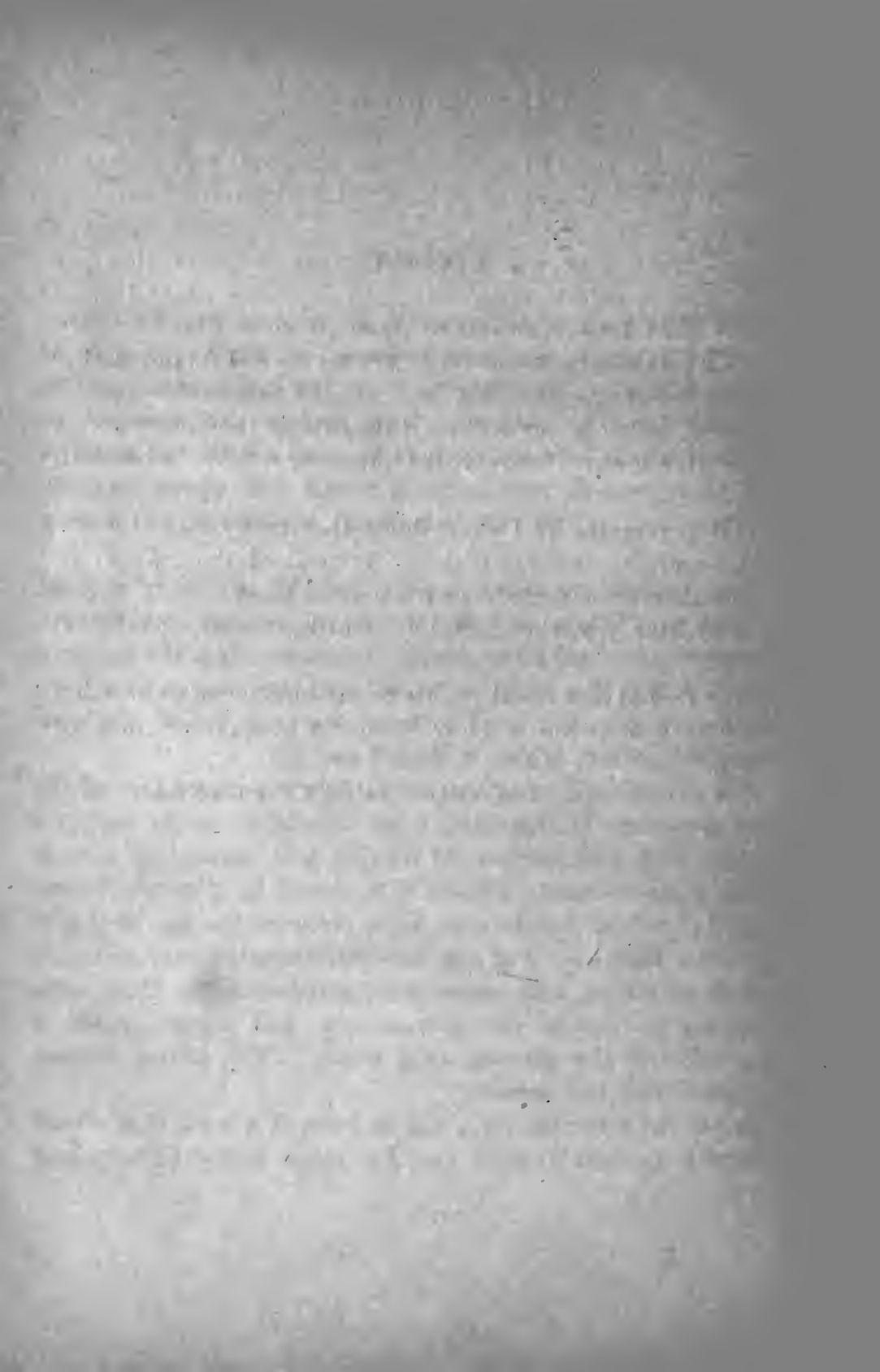
I have tried to express those thoughts as they came to me in words intended to convey the meaning I have wished to express.

Am I presuming if I say I hope that many will like my thoughts, and that none will be so critical of the manner of expressing them as to destroy their intended effect.

If any like my thoughts and words, we are congenial friends.

If any do not like my thoughts or my manner of expressing them, we are not enemies; I love people who have opinions of their own.

EDWARD EVERETT PUTNAM.



Preface

THIS little book is dedicated to all readers who love home and all its sacred ties; who reverence the exalted position of father and mother, ascribing to them the inalienable right to govern the home by authority, love, precept and example; to all readers whose eyes are open to see and admire the beauties of the social, moral, and material world, and whose faculties are trained to enjoy all that is fragrant, melodious, and harmonious.

Such readers are asked to note that this is a story without a monster or a villain, and that it does not contain an inference or a suggestion of anything sordid or impure. It is the author's assumption that if a child be reared and surrounded in a pure atmosphere it does not need to know the foul stench of places and conditions into which it should not go.

The process and progress of building the characters of the people presented in this little book developed in the author's mind the wish and purpose of writing and presenting a book without a moral taint; a book that would be a suitable companion for young people who have reached the age to know of the little jealousies and misunderstandings that are so active in social relations, and cause such perplexities to those who are trying to choose life companions, and which caused a writer to utter the oft-repeated words, "The course of true love never did run smooth."

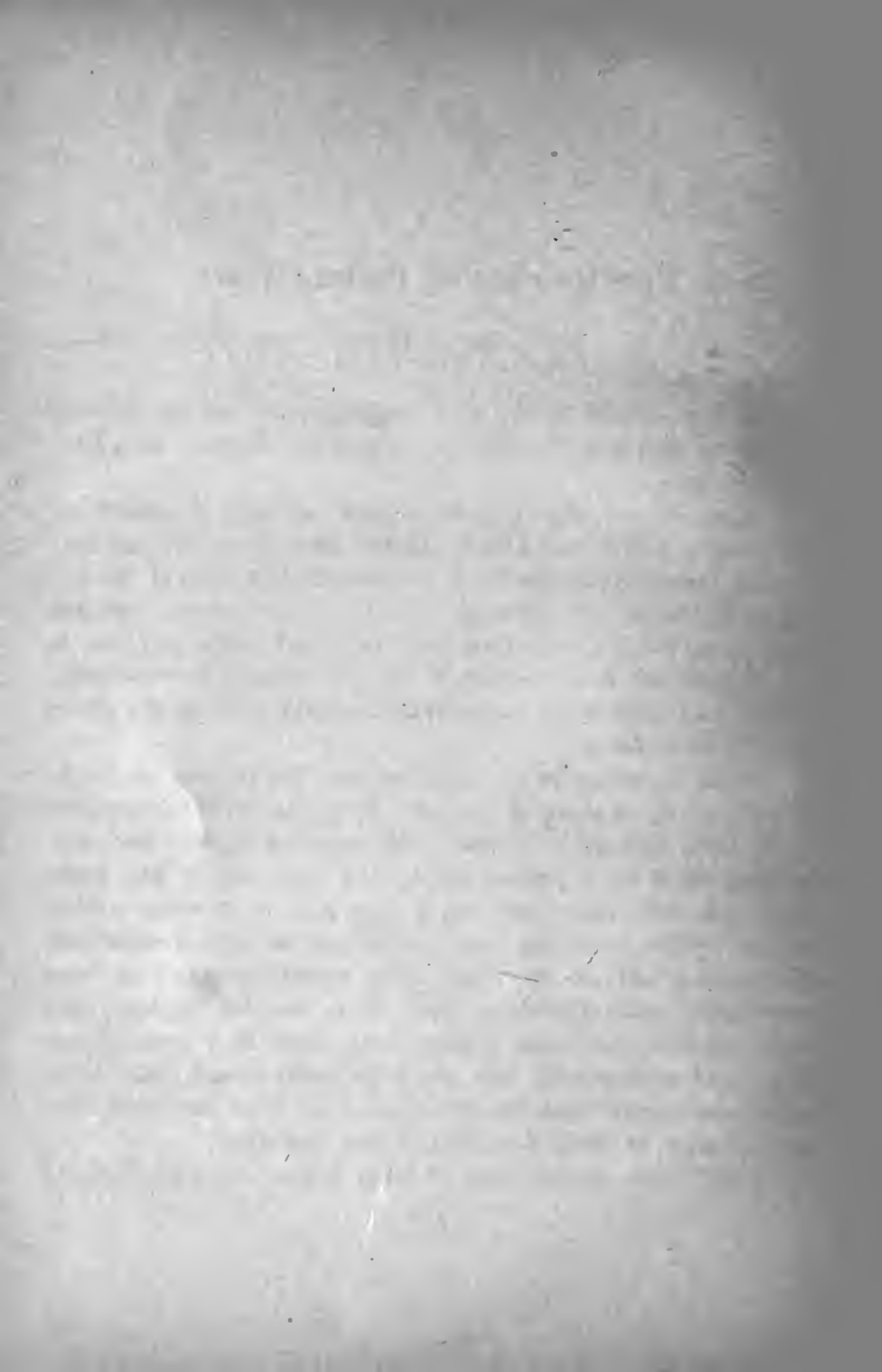
It has been the author's aim to present a book that would be suitable for every home and for every public library, and

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one that would be desirable to all who do not spurn fiction as the work of idle hands.

Explanation (or apology if asked) is made relative to the poem on page (). It fell into the author's hands anonymously. It was found among a deceased brother's correspondence without name or other identifying circumstances. The author begs leave to pay it the compliment of presenting it, not as his own but with his own for preservation.

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The Reward of Patient Love

Savoy Hotel, Denver, Colo., July 1, 19.....

My Dear Mother:—

Having arrived in the first stopping-place on my journey I feel it my first duty to write to you and let you know that I am safe and well.

I am sure I would make a poor attempt at describing the country and places I have passed through in coming here because my thoughts were so engrossed that several times I was awakened to consciousness that I was on a train that was carrying me swiftly away from everybody and everything dear to me. I could not fail, however, to note the changes in conditions, scenery and climate when our train brought us from the plains into the mountains.

While traveling in the open country the farther one could see only revealed more of the same thing, but in the mountains as the train follows its course, here creeping under some overhanging bluff as if influenced by the fear that a jar might cause it to fall; there jumping a deep gap by crossing a frail-looking bridge or diving into a mountain as into a snowbank and coming out on the other side, sometimes through long snow-sheds, and sometimes into deep wooded valleys, one could not fail, excepting during sleep, to be in a state of suspense and expectation, and one's memory would long afterward recall sights that caused suspended breath and open-eyed astonishment at what the hand of man has done.

I will leave descriptions of what I have seen and what I

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will later see for future entertainment when I am again among my friends and dear ones.

While you fully understand the cause of my journey, I fear that I may have failed to explain how my absence would be better than my presence, and why I chose to be absent at such a time.

I will not attempt to explain fully, but will let it suffice to say that I think many annoying embarrassments may be avoided and as nothing has been said to those who do not need to know, it is my hope that the blunders or errors that have caused a misunderstanding will all be explained during my absence, and that when I return and all appearances are again as they were in the past, and all hopes of the future as bright, few will know, and others will not need to know, of the trying situation through which we will have passed.

I did not have an opportunity before starting, to fully explain to Cousin Nell what I have laid out as her task. I wish you would give her this letter and at the same time tell her that I depend upon her more than upon all others to learn why I am thus an exile.

I was not ordered to go so far, nor to any particular destination, therefore I am traveling for the realization of a hope. That hope is that Nell through tact, adroitness and discretion will accomplish alone more than if assisted. This hope is founded on the belief that through her past associations Nell will be able to get a hearing where I would expect refusal.

A second refusal would not surprise as did the first one, but just at the present time I do not wish to run the risk of another.

If Nell requires any explanations she can get them by an exchange of letters. In short, I am asking her to correspond

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with me regularly in order that she may tell me of her success and progress.

My pen will be a most willing assistant at this end, and if I can add interest by adding a few pages of descriptive matter I am sure I would enjoy the mental and physical exercise.

With you and Nell as my advocates I have no misgivings about my choice, and very little about the ending.

Do not allow yourself to worry about me or my troubles, for I shall not fail to make my trip well worth my time and expense.

I believe I have succeeded in denying every expression of resentful pride, and until I can accuse some person of making false charges I shall not entertain a feeling of anger toward anybody.

Not vengeance, but vindication should be mine.

Express my greeting to all inquiring friends and accept for yourself a son's devotion,

JOHN ALLENBY.

To Mrs. Sarah Allenby, Pontiac, Ill.

Pontiac, Illinois, July 10, 19.....

My Dear Cousin:—

When your mother gave me your letter to her to read and at the same time joined her wish to your expressed and written wish that I should use every means available to me to learn why you were so peremptorily dismissed, I was so glad and happy that I do not know just what I did or what I said, but I do know that I cried before I could express my joy in being

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asked to do what my heart would impel me to do thru the love I have for those concerned.

During the day of your departure I was guilty of some very inconsistent and ugly conduct. I marched up and down my own room, where nobody could see or hear me, and stormed and railed at you and asked you what had become of your spunk and pride that you could allow yourself to be treated so. I said aloud that the whole community knew that you were worthy of a dozen like her. (Just as if a man might have more than one wife in order to equalize). I said that you might at least have defended your pride; that you could easily have made the community think you were glad to be rid of her by cutting high sail with other girls, so many of whom would be only too glad to go with you. And then the ugly thought entered my head, that your conduct was enough to provoke slander and scandal, if anybody knew that you were leaving on her account. I became so wrought up that I felt like pulling hair, and I even stood before my mirror and studied and practised a cruel icy stare that I intended to use on her the first time I met her in public.

The fury was spent. As most women do I broke down and cried until my eyes were swollen and red, after which I began to reflect quietly and when I thought that of all the girls I have ever known she is the sweetest, dearest, kindest and truest of them all, anger was all gone and an emotion that I could not express in words, caused me to bury my face in my pillow and weep as I had never wept before.

When mother called me for supper I told her that I did not wish for any, and without lighting my lamp I retired for the night.

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Dreams are sometimes cruel, sometimes sweet. I dreamed of fire and a wind that threatened to scatter it in all directions; I dreamed of sleet and rain, and of mud and flood until the earth was so dreary and desolate that I thought no person or creature would wish to remain in it. Again the fury was spent, and I dreamed of sunshine and flowers and of rippling water that threw clusters of diamonds into the air. And so my sweet dream ran on until I dreamed that my ugly dreams and the cause of my ugly dreams were only dreams and I was so happy. And then I dreamed that I saw you and the dearest girl I have ever known out riding. I thought I had never seen her so pretty or you so proud and happy.

I do not try to interpret dreams. They have no meaning to me. I believe that dreams are only the result of the action of the sub-conscious mind, and that action of the sub-conscious mind is affected and influenced by our mental and physical condition at the time.

We know that we do not see in dreams by the natural organ of sight because our eyes are closed and the light shut out, and we know vision results from the action of light and the combined rays of light upon the optic nerves. I do, however, draw a good strong lesson from my day's and night's experience. I am sorely ashamed of having harbored such ugly thoughts and of allowing myself to become so disturbed and angry, and I think that my ugly dreams were but slight punishment for my offense. I am glad that my better, weaker self came to my rescue and told me that I must not allow my anger or pride, or any other person's anger or pride to cause me to sacrifice jewels and gems of proven virtue.

I am truly grateful for the tears that were given me to shed and think that my sweet dream was a part of my reward.

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I am proud of you that you could be so deliberate and considerate and did not do what I would probably would have done through impetuous anger; but, whether you did the best thing that might have been done must be decided upon last results. . . .

Has it not occurred to you that probably during days or weeks before your last meeting she had been suffering intensely and hiding her feelings, and that some little word or act that she misconstrued was just that much more than she thought she should bear?

If her decision was intended to be final and was not made because of some misunderstanding of you or your conduct, there was no reason for your going away; but, if something that you did or did not do was the cause of her decision I think you should not have gone.

If your conduct was the cause of her decision, you were innocently the cause which fact must be proved to her, and that precious moment may come and pass during your absence, when you might by a word or look dedicate all your future years to her happiness and to your own.

My most delicate and difficult task will be to decide upon the right course to follow, and what assistance, if any, to use.

But for her emotion and tears I would include the theory for consideration that she possibly had reasons and intentions in other directions; but we know we have narrow grounds upon which to work along that line. And, furthermore, we know we have no reason to work on any theory of concealments.

Knowing her as I do, I must protect my pride against my possibility of my being told that my good intentions are misplaced. In line with that policy I shall respect the widest horizon before I make any moves.

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I am so proud and happy over your choice in making me your main correspondent that I have my books out and am studying big words and am trying to form long and high-sounding phrases.

Ex— I am congratulating my diminutive personality that you through your superlative perspicacity have elected your propinquitous associate as your home secretary to officiate during the period of your perambulations through the mountainous portion of the western hemisphere.

How is that for a beginning?

My breath is too short to read such sentences so, if you will kindly give your consent I will go back to the use of farm latin which I much prefer to use during our correspondence.

I am not joking tho when I say that I know I shall derive great pleasure and valuable thought-inspiring practice with you and your cause as my inspiration.

Your mother asks me to tell you that if I will promise to keep her informed concerning you she will not try to write and will not expect letters. ——— I make the promise.

We are all getting along much better than we thought possible without you, therefore you have no cause to worry about matters at home.

You have your troubles all with you and my advice is that you shall lay them down and forget them just as often as possible, but you must not forget to write.

Remember we will not expect a letter but will wish for one every time the mail comes in, and that we will hope to have reasons for needing to know where you are and how to reach you quickly.

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I have been trying for some minutes to think of an appropriate ending to this epistle but have failed. I find that I must just simply chop off and close with most earnest good wishes and love from all.

Your cousin,
Nell Hales.

To John Allenby, Savoy Hotel, Denver, Colo.

St. Charles Hotel,
Denver, Colorado,
Sept. 15. ———

Miss Nell Hales,
Pontiac, Ill.

My Dear Cousin:—

The truant was overtaken by your letter at the place and date shown, and just as he was in the right mood to receive it.

I was thinking how really tired I was of all I had found in the sense of entertainment, and thinking how welcome a letter from home would be, when the postman came in.

The following lines pretty well express the thoughts that were running through my mind:

When one tires of the journey and tires of the sights,
And welcomes the hours when the night-shades come,
When one tires of the faces and tires of the lights,
What a welcome guest is a letter from home.
A letter from home; what a joy it brings;
A letter from home; what a need it supplies;
A letter from home; where the memory clings;
A letter from home with its thousand ties.

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Though you chide me severely in much that you say,
There's a message of love in each added line.
I shall read and reread it each night and each day,
In hope of response in this sad heart of mine.
"Go" — was the mandate she addressed to me;
"May your shadow and form to my thoughts ne'er return,
Return my letters and pronounce me free."
Were the flaming words that will not cease to burn.

And those tears of anger, or tears of pain,
That gushed from their founts as those words were said,
Have marred a sweet face with a lasting stain,
That haunts me wherever my pillow is laid.
When an accuser will name on cause to complain,
When the accused is given no chance to explain,
When an unspoken plea by a gesture is hushed,
When one's hope and pride are rebuked and crushed,
Then how but in flight can one find rest or peace?
And, how but in flight can one's agony cease?

Then do not chide me, my dear Little Nell,
If I choose among strangers for a time to dwell:
Tell Mother to cheer her, I am well and at ease,
Lest she fear for my safety, or mourn that I stay,
And that new scenes and faces offer much to please,
As I move among them from day to day.
The sun is not dimmed by the clouds that conceal it,
Love lives in the pride that will not reveal it,
And I know that the cloud that is lowering to-day
By light and by love shall be driven away.

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It is the usual hour for prayer, and I am praying that you, my dear cousin, may be able to do me a great favor by discovering for me, the first rays of hope of the returning sunshine of my life.

In your womanly sympathy and knowledge you will be able to feel and interpret the unspoken emotions of her, who has been so much to both of us.

Out of the fullness of the heart there must be utterance and you will understand.

Having read your letter through carefully I am glad to say that I found nothing surprising or disappointing in it. You have acted out your own natural self all the way through, and as your better self always comes to your rescue I have no fear that you will do rash things that will spoil the effect of your efforts.

Your little monologue in your room was doing no harm while it lasted and its climax brought you to a position where you could look both ways and choose the better THE MORAL IS INSPIRING.

I, on the other hand, decided upon the plan upon which I am acting very quickly but whether rashly or not we may learn later. There were reasons for, and others against, either course.

A course of tantalizing bravado precludes all hope of a reconciliation and if she should think that I am acting upon some decision previously made, and am only following out a plan without offering an expression of regret about being absent she may think me very unfeeling and indifferent about what has happened. The effect of such a thought would be very hard to overcome, while, if her thought about my absence is that I am deeply hurt and am absent for that reason, her sympathy will plead my cause.

A case that happened within my knowledge and under my

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observation has been much in my mind recently and is supplying me with serious thoughts. Not all the sad stories have been told in books.

A lady who had worn a young man's ring several months, failing to satisfy her own mind that he was as deeply interested as she wished him to be, decided that in some manner she would cause him to be more expressive.

Having in her own mind strong ideas regarding the obligations represented by the ring she believed that the test must come up directly between themselves, and in line with that thought, she decided that she would return his ring and tell him that it was for reasons of her own, and which he must not ask her to explain unless she offered an explanation. . . .

She set a date when she thought she would pass the evening alone with him, and when they were conversing quietly she handed the ring to him saying "Will, for reasons of my own and which you must not ask to know, I have made up my mind that I have no right to wear the ring until those reasons are removed."

Will took the ring and holding it up between them said: "This is your decision and it is intended to be final?"

Just at that moment and before she could speak or study the effect of her act a sleigh filled with young people was driven up and during the rest of the evening there was no chance for either to say a word.

Many games were played, corn was popped, and nuts and jokes were checked till laughter filled the room and all the time Will was the life and spirit of the gathering to such a degree that one of the ladies asked why he was in such unusual spirits.

Two of the young ladies remained to visit, and the ring was still in Will's pocket when the whistle of a train warned him

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that he must run to catch it, failing which he would have a long walk through deep snow.

Two days later he took a train and was absent several months. He thought he had been dismissed. She thought he was delighted to go. And with that feeling in their hearts they drifted apart, each believing it better so.

Her future was no longer a part of his plans, hence they very seldom met and when they did both were formal and neither would refer to the past.

It was not in her heart to be willing to wrong anybody and she always felt guilty under the fear that he might think she accused him of some offense or misconduct; but even with that thought in mind she believed it would have been a greater wrong to hold him if he wished to be free. ——— Unwilling, self-imposed, cruel silence.——

Four years later, when circumstances had built up barriers that could not well be removed, they met under conditions that called up the past in many ways and made it as a subject hard to evade.

Their conversation followed in circles that often crossed the course of their own lives and each became more serious.

In a moment of weakness or resolve she said, "Will, if I ever wrong anybody or put myself in a wrong position, I can never be quite happy until I ask and have forgiveness. Knowing as I do that it was I who by my own act divided our lives at the point where they were divided, I know it is my duty to speak first if silence is ever to be broken.

"Oh, how I have longed to reach your heart with the assurance that I had no cause for giving you back your ring more than the fear that you did not love me as I wished to be loved by the man whose ring I wore.

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“Cruel silence was forced upon me then and ever since by your smiles and laughter and your unusual gleeful mood during the evening of that never-to-be-forgotten day when you made me feel that I had made you immeasurably happy by setting you free.

“My work could not be undone and I could not and would not take that happiness away from you. If you wished to be free I could not regret what I had done; but, how I have wished you to know that you were not wrongfully accused, and have wished for forgiveness if I have wronged you in any other manner.”

By the time she had finished this suppliant confession, Will had gathered both her hands in his left and with his right he gently drew her head to his shoulder so that she could not see the tears he was trying to hide.

With faltering voice he said, “Oh, My God, Why was it not given to the children of men to commune heart to heart and not have to depend upon cruel tricky words that convey so many unintended meanings? ———

“There can be no forgiveness when the heart has not sinned, Pardon is given to those who have been convicted.

“I was the sinner: I put lying laughter into my voice and by every energy I could control I acted a lasting lie during the whole evening trying to deceive you and all the others into thinking I was spending the happiest hour of my life, when, in fact, I was in the wickedest mood of my life trying to deceive myself in order to deceive you.

“It is I who should ask forgiveness which I do with all my heart.

“If you will give me one of the thousand kisses that should

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have been mine and tell me that I am forgiven I will be happier than I have ever been since that deplorable night.'''——

That meeting with the understanding that was renewed, and with the assurances that were given to each other became one of the most sweetly sad remembrances of their lives.

I do not wish to act a part in any such sad story, and have been very careful not to do anything intentionally that I will regret.

I have no thought that I shall have any forgiveness to offer. . . . To err is human and what one does thru error is excused, not forgiven. How well do I know that when all is understood she will be justified and excused, not pardoned.

Your interest in your calling and election assures the effectiveness of your efforts, which must be rewarded.

I very much prefer your good old farm latin to all the fancy stuff you could assemble; besides, I must ask you to remember that I have not with me even a pocket edition of Webster. Were you to construct some sentences I could not work out I might become confused and bring on bad results.

I promise to make regular and prompt replies to all your letters which will put half the responsibility on you.

Whether or not I will visit John Smith's big family in the next neighboring state where a man either divides his worries among several women or multiplies them over several women I will be able to say in my next.

I have not given the subject much thought, but my own perplexities lead me to ask how a poor man could survive having several women to worry over, if his worries over one are enough to turn his hair gray in a few days.

You will please forestall any thought that I am a fugitive by extending my greetings to those you know to be my friends,

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and for yourself and Aunt Sarah you will accept the love that I am ever ready to prove.

Your cousin,
John Allenby.

To Miss Nell Hales, Pontiac, Ill.

Pontiac, Ill.

September ———

Dear Cousin:—

Your letter was duly received, but not as a surprise. It could not arrive earlier than it was looked for. I shall not disappoint you by a long delay, as I wish to keep you in my debt.

I have not your happy and poetic faculty of expressing my thoughts, but, I have the perseverance to make a worthy effort. Not much evidence has come to light relative to the subject of most interest to you.

The straws that tell which way the wind is blowing, have not been moving much and I have not been able to note direction.

I have been trying to discover whether or not there was a combination of circumstances that you and your conduct have in no manner caused, and, over which you could have no influence.

I have concluded that there is nothing to support any such thought or fear.

Though I have seen Mary on several occasions I have had no chance to converse with her on any subject.

It is evident that she has been deceived either by circumstances that she did not understand, or by something that has been told to her. And it is also evident that she regards me with a suspecting belief that my sympathies are with you and against her.

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I shall try to avoid giving her any support to that thought.

On the day your letter arrived I was sitting in the garden when I saw Mary's car approaching, and I observed that she was watching the house intently, but as soon as she discovered my presence, she assumed an erect position and continued to look in another direction, so long as I could see her, (That's a woman for you).

On another occasion I observed that she was studying my face in church, but when I raised my eyes to give her a look of encouragement, she dropped her gaze and did not try to meet me after services.

I asked her brother Willie, what she was so busy doing those days.

His reply was that she was not doing much but reading and singing.

I asked him what she sang mostly.

He said she sang "The Land of Love's Fair Dream," "Far Away," and other sad songs.

The first of these songs named is the newest song out, and Mary generally is first to get the newest song.

The words are:

There's a land where the sunshine dwells on the hills;
Where the valleys are shaded and cool;
Where elixirs flow in the streamlets and rills,
And clear skies reflect in each pool;
Where the breezes are scented with rich perfume,
From roses that never decay;
Where song-birds are boasting their brilliant plumes,
And night is as fair as the day.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

CHORUS

It is Dream Land, it is Dream Land;
Where only true lovers dwell.
It is Dream Land, it is Dream Land,
Of which only fairies tell,
Where storms never beat on the golden strand,
And clouds never shadow the smiling land,
And ever is ready the welcoming hand,
In the land of love's fair dream.

Where the tide that goes out from the wave-washed strand,
Never bears a true lover away;
Where the tide that returns to the sun-warmed sand,
Brings only new blessings each day;
Where night never comes with a chill of regret,
For harsh words or angry frown,
And love never bids one forgive or forget
A rash deed ere the sun goes down.

Returning to our subject I wish to add that I think Mary's choice of songs is an evidence of sadness, and that sadness denotes the absence of anger.

My observations so far lead me to think that she is beginning to doubt her justification in doing as she did.

You may trust me in my sincere wish to know the truth, to make a worthy effort, and at least prove that you were not in fault in any respect.

We had a delightful little sociable at our home last week.

You were greatly missed, and your absence meant two from our usual number.

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No one was so indiscreet as to ask questions but I caught several expressions that were almost audible.

If I could delay your going by being negligent in answering your letters I would be tempted to do so. It is not a nice feeling that comes with the thought that you are still going and already so far away. If I could cause you to drop anchor at a nearer port, you would not be so long in coming when you start homeward. I think I can predict that you will complain of both distance and time when your reasons for turning homeward shall have matured.

I became so interested in your little story of Will and the girl whose name you did not give that they will become living characters in the story we are trying to follow to a happy ending.

Their conduct on both sides was true to human nature all the way thru, it being evident that the thought that she might never have a chance to tell him that she was only joking, or of singing to him the song, "I Was Only Teasing You", was farthest out of her thoughts. Her plan contemplated having the whole evening to carry it through, and if she saw that the effect was too strong, or in the wrong direction, she had an antidote already at hand with which to stop its bad effects and to prevent unsatisfactory results.

On his side, how could he know that the purpose of her act was directly opposed to the meaning of her words and conduct?

Was he not justified in trying to make her think that he had too much fortitude to be seriously hurt by dismissal when he had every right to say that if she did not want him he could not see why he should want her?

With all its naturalness the story is very sad and proves that destinies are changed by very small events; and being one of thousands of true stories, it also proves that if the writers of

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romance could only read the hearts of men and women and write their lives in true accounts, fiction would not find much room on the book-shelf.

If people had the gift even of hindsight to the extent of being able to see how much had been lost by some misstep of the past, or know what disasters had been averted by correct steps, how much more serious and thoughtful they would be.

The story has had its effect on me and Nell Hales will not hand back any ring until she knows that she does not want it returned to her.

If I make my letter too long too much of your time will be taken up in answering it. I want more of your own thoughts, not echoes of mine.

The clock struck eleven which counts out.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11,	
C	l	o	s	i	n	g	-	t	i	m	e.

Your cousin,
Nell Hales.

To John Allenby, Savoy Hotel, Denver, Colo.

Palace Hotel,
San Francisco, Cal.

My Dear Little Cousin :—

It seems like a waste of time and ink to say that I appreciate your letters. I cannot overestimate their value and service at this time. I feel that they, more than any other influence, keep me in temperate frame of mind.

You very modestly say that you have not the faculty of expressing your thoughts poetically.

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That only signifies that you do not attempt to write in rhyme and meter, though you possess the real poetry of thought. The manner of expressing one's thoughts is not essential.

If time were not hanging so heavily on my hands, I perhaps would not give so much time and thought to much that interests me now. Having no companions in whom I am interested I commune more with my own thoughts, and fancy I find sympathy and consolation in poetry and song that seem to give voice to my feelings. I find, too, that one's faculties of seeing, hearing, and enjoying are more alert along lines of interest. I was strongly impressed with this fact since I have been in San Francisco.

One evening I was sitting in the open window of my room, when the soft tones of a guitar seemed to ask for perfect silence.

The prelude of a song sounded out in clear sweet tones, to which was joined a woman's voice so divinely sweet that if the angels love music and the voice of human being ever reaches their abode, I am sure they would stop to listen.

I was spell-bound and listened intently, and soon learned that though my feelings and emotions seemed to respond to every emotion of the singer, I could not understand one word that was uttered:—It was poetry of sound and emotion.

The song was finished, and I was glad the singer did not at that time break the charm by singing another song of another theme.

I learned by inquiry regarding the wonderful singer, that she was a Spanish-American woman whose husband had been lost at sea, and as neither he nor his ship was ever reported to have been seen, she lived in the despairing hope that he might still be living.

She sang in the Spanish language which accounted for my not knowing the words.

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Her song impressed me so deeply that I felt that I could almost divine the sentiment, which was expressed in the language of the heart.

I did not miss the first opportunity of meeting her, and used it by asking her to write the song for me in Spanish.

I later had a man who speaks Spanish translate it into English, literally, and later, to collect and engage my wondering thoughts, I resolved the Spanish song into English Verse.

I am sending you the words to repay you for the song you sent me. "In the Land of Loves Fair Dream" is all right as a song, but its sentiments as expressed do not agree with mine.

The words however are literally true, for, only in irrational fancy or in dreams could such a perfect dwelling-place be conceived for either man or woman. The same words impute to many lovers the fault of being untrue, and of doing and saying unkind things.

I am glad I can comprehend the broader view of the conditions that surround us in life, and can see a purpose and benefit in many things that some regard as the cause of trials and misfortune.

The rain is quite as essential as the sunshine, to freshen and beautify the world. Whence does it come? It comes from the cloud, and the poor old cloud is chosen the emblem of sorrow and all other afflictions.

Some comfort could be found by me in the thought that Mary finds that the new song suits her purpose to express her thoughts. I wish to know that she accuses me of being or doing that for which she deems banishment a just punishment. I could then know that when she shall learn the truth as she must, no messenger could be swift enough to recall me so soon as she

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

would have me return for the apology that only tears of contrition could express.

Within the coming week I shall go to Los Angeles and to Long Beach, and there wait for your next letter. If in it I find so much to give me hope as I found in your last, I may swerve to the left in the hope of finding a shorter road home than by retracing my course.

This letter contains too much theme and not much news. I promise to do better in my next attempt.

With the usual request for a prompt reply, I close with kind regards to all inquiring friends and with a brother's love to you.

Your cousin,
John Allenby.

SONG

SAILING, SAILING BACK TO ME

My loved one sailed out on the briny sea,
With a cargo of fruit and golden grain;
He told me his thoughts would all be of me,
By night and by day till he came again.
I stood on the shore as he sailed away,
The ship grew less and the sea rose between;
I prayed that fair winds would hasten the day
When he would return and his ship be seen
Sailing, sailing, sailing over the rolling sea,
Sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing back to me.

His ship was staunch and his proud heart was brave;
The worst to be feared was a calm at sea,
When with idle sails on a sleeping wave,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

He could neither go nor return to me.
But my heart was oppressed by sterner fears
As I turned each day from that lonely shore;
In vain I tried to suppress scalding tears,
When my heart divined he would come no more.
Sailing, sailing, sailing over the rolling sea,
Sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing back to me.

I ask of the waves that dash on the sands;
I plead of the stars that watch in the sky,
I beg the sun that looks down on all lands,
I pray of the winds that plaintively sigh,
To bring me some word from some distant shore.
From some isle or refuge over the sea,
Of a rudderless ship that the waves safely bore
To a friendly land whence he'll come back to me,
Sailing, sailing, sailing over the rolling sea,
Sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing back to me.

The waves softly answer, We do not know,
The silent stars only vacantly stare,
The sun keeps no record of human woe,
The sad winds find sorrow everywhere.
Is it only a phantom ship I can see
As I gaze far out from that long-watched shore,
A ship that is drifting away from me,
My lover's ship that will come no more?
Drifting, drifting, drifting over the rolling sea
Drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting away from me.

To Nell Hales, Pontiac, Ill.

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Pontiac,
Illinois.

My Dear Cousin John:—

I do not find myself disposed to complain of the quantity of your welcome letter but I am hoping for an improvement in tone. There are so many old-fashioned chestnuts that fit this case, and they all prove “That the course of true love never did run smooth”.

Having decided to do as you did it is your own affair, but I am sorry you so decided.

If you could have made your trip one of business and of pleasure it would have been well worth the price in time and money.

You have taken your trouble with you to too great an extent, whereas you should have left it behind you.

If you are traveling for your own benefit, my advice is that you shall seek every amusement, and pleasure that will avert your thoughts from your troubles. But, if you are traveling for the benefit of another, and to show that you felt too badly to remain here, you have made the right move, but only in the event that “All is well that ends well” and ends as you hope,

“He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day”
He who loves and quits the field,
May all his hopes to another yield.

Your purpose in going has not been announced, not even to Mary, and those concerned may draw their own conclusions. I am too truthful to say that you went for business and pleasure,

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and I am too proud of my cousin to admit that you were banished.

There are many sad chapters in life's history because the purpose or cause of absence was not understood. If I were not here and in good position to learn all that you could learn, and probably more, I would advise you that your absence might blight your hope. The verse fits in this connection also.

The words of the song you sent are very sad. I can fancy the effect of hearing such a song sung by a good singer, and one who was telling or singing the story of her own grief.

You did not tell me whether she composed the song or selected it, as appropriate.

I can believe it quite probable that you could wish that your continued absence would cause grief, but I must ask you to note that the song does not describe unnecessary absence.

It is the prettiest thought in the song, that nothing but death or a broken rudder, or conditions over which he could have no control, could prevent his return, there was no wavering of faith and trust. The thought that he might have chosen to be absent was inconceivable to her.

Just to show me that you are your own natural self I wish you would relate something that will show that you can still find interest and pleasure in cheerful subjects.

I must not forget to write you about the party at the home of the Andersons.

It was given just as a little pleasure party to please the young people.

Nearly all of our usual number were present, and seemed to enjoy the usual round of amusements and the delightful refreshments that Mrs. Anderson so well knows how to serve.

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Mary was present and took part in all but the dancing.

Her father brought her early in the evening, and came for her about 11 P. M. We all objected to her going before the party broke up, and James Anderson begged to be allowed to take her home in his new car, against which she gave emphatic decision.

I noticed that she was interested to hear my reply when Miss Raymond asked where you were and when you would return.

I told her that you were somewhere in California, and that I did not know your plans for the future.

Mary came to me in a friendly manner, probably to show that she wished to be friendly with me, and opened several subjects of conversation. She asked regarding your health, and if you were having a nice time on your trip. She said she wished she could go on just such a trip and go alone.

I have observed that she does not receive men as single guests, and that she will not accept an escort on any occasion. I think I must, with your consent, let her know that you think you were not given the usual form of trial before penalty was imposed. It would not be difficult to introduce the subject in such a manner that she would think it inadvertently done.

If she will use the opportunity, or opening, to give me a chance to say more, a great advance will have been made.

Now I do not propose to be Judge, advocate and jury all at the same time, and if an order is given to bring in the defendant I do not wish it to be announced that he has jumped his bonds.

He must be available. . . .

If you were here I would sing you a nice little good-night song which I have recently learned. If you wish me to send you the words I will send them in my next letter. I shall have them written by that time.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Am closing this letter just in time for the outgoing mail,—
the last to-day.

Please excuse an abrupt ending.

Your consin.

Nell.

To: John Allenby, Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.

Hallo. Cousin John.

I missed the mail carrier, so did not get my letter off, and
have decided to write the words of "A Cheerful Good Night."

A CHEERFUL GOOD NIGHT

The day may be dreary and long,
The way may be rugged and steep,
The winds may be adverse and strong,
The sands may be burning and deep,
As daylight fades and long shadows fall,
And deep shades of night settle over all,
How blessed the lot of all who can say
A cheerful good night at the close of each day.

CHORUS

A cheerful good night, let us hear it again
'Till it rings in the ear with its glad refrain;
It sweetens the slumber, and shortens the day,
And brightens life's journey all the way.

Mother is tried by many ills,
By wilful wont's and wilful wills,
Her ear must bend to each complaint,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Her voice must rise in mild restraint;
When prattle has ceased, and prayers are all said
And each little head is laid in its bed,
Who like a mother can caressingly say
A cheering good night at the close of each day.

CHORUS

Joy sometimes mingles smiles and tears,
Love has its hours of doubts and fears,
Peace is the calm that follows strife,
Hope is the balm that softens life;
When all doubts vanish and all tears are shed,
Fear but a fancy, smiles beaming instead,
How lasting the peace of those who can say
A cheering good night at the close of each day.

CHORUS

Alexandria Hotel,
Los Angeles, Cal.

My Dear Cousin :—

How is my attorney to-night?

I must open my letter with congratulations for your progress in laying plans I shall surely learn of good results soon. But, I shall not allow myself to be oversanguine until you relate something to show that you are being rewarded for your efforts.

You know what Poet Burns said about well laid plans.

Your letter caught me in an appreciative mood. I had been

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well entertained during the afternoon by a casual acquaintance who took me for a long ride into the country.

We rode through vineyards and orchards, through valleys and over mountains, across a small desert, and on our return, just where we would enter the city, we plunged into a river (The Los Angeles), but did not get so much as a dash of spray. The river is dry.

It was a trip to be remembered. We saw fruits of many kinds and in many stages of its growth. We saw walnuts hanging on the trees and learned that an acre of land adapted to their growth, has a value almost equal to the value of a farm in Illinois.

The view from the mountain and from the hillside baffles one's power of description. One can see so far and see so much and see so many things that the impression is that of looking at a grand panorama. The view reaches so far that I almost fancy one is imagining the appearance of things that are not there.—The mirage of a grand mirage.—

After several hours of sight-seeing and thrilling spurts of speed we came in sight of the city just as the setting sun had gilded a bright face on all the larger buildings. The scene was entrancing, and I wished all my friends could be there to enjoy it with me.

To add to the charm and almost cause me to forget my companion, the bells of many churches were ringing for services and I caught myself trying to divine a message those bells might be repeating to me. . . . The same feeling came over me when I was leaving San Francisco at about the same hour just a week before.

I had been reading the poem "What Say the Bells" and when I saw the tops of the higher buildings gilded by the sun

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shining through golden clouds and heard the bells ringing, their tones refused to resolve themselves into anything but "Farewell" "Farewell."

I clipped the poem from the paper in which I found it, and am sending it to you. It is a marked copy. Do not lose it. I prize it and wish to keep it for my scrapbook.

While the subject of poems is open, I thank you for the words of your new song, "Good Night." How I wish you could send the music and your voice with it.

The attorney is usually an adept at catching subjects off their guard. . . . While I do not approve of inveigling for any purpose since only the good of everybody concerned is aimed at, we will allow "the end to justify the means"—You may use your discretion, which implies that you will be discreet, in your efforts at learning what we wish to know and must know.

One paragraph in your letter haply gave me a hint or suggestion of which you had probably not thought.——It was in the one in which you wrote of Miss Raymond's inquiry regarding me and when I would return. ——You wrote that Mary was interested in your reply.——Do you know that her interest was in the information you would give by your reply?——Is it not possible or probable that she wished to know to what extent and for what reasons Miss Raymond wished to know when I would return? This thought occurs to me because there was a little incident that with other events might have done a part of the mischief. Miss Raymond was a party to it.

I will explain if you find need of more information on this point.

The whole case seems to be shaping toward my conviction as the culprit, and I suppose that at last the Pardon Board will have to act in my behalf if I am ever to be emancipated.——

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

If you could only find some other suspect—some other man in the case—whom I could lick or challenge, or who would as an alternative make me wish I had never been born, I could see the end much nearer. This suspense is harrassing.

I spent two days at Long Beach and have decided that if I at any time must have rest, or if at any time I wish to indulge myself with the luxury of ease with rest I shall go to Long Beach.

You will note that many of the towns and cities of California have Spanish names. Many are named after saints. Los Angeles (The Angels), I suppose implies the home of the angels, but I have not found any of them here.

I do not wish you to infer that the people are not of standard morals. They are,—but being of standard morality still leaves them a long degree short of being angels.

Saint Peter would surely frown if he took the trouble of taking note of conditions in a sea-port bearing his name.

Long Beach is appropriately named by a physical condition. The beach at this point is straight for a long distance and the outward slope is of such low degree that the water recedes a long way at low tide.

This place might appropriately have a saint's name.—It is a fact to be noted that Long Beach has become a modern Mecca where many people of many creeds are spending the closing years of moral and Christian lives in the full enjoyment of rest and peace and sunshine. "Westward the course of empire takes its way" cannot be true beyond California. This is the empire of fruits and nuts and sunshine and flowers.

I love California and through fear of becoming too much infatuated with this country and climate and lazy life I have decided to move on.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Your next letter will find me at Phoenix, Arizona.

I shall follow the left curve as suggested in my last.

Your admonition as expressed in your little verse is good (probably) and strong; but until there is some fighting to be done I choose to run.

Express my regards and love to the family at home and especially to mother. I should write to her, but, if you tell her I am well she will be satisfied.

Do not forget to save poem. "What Say the Bells," and do not forget to write me a nice long letter full of news from home.

From your cousin John.

POEM

WHAT SAY THE BELLS

How welcome the tones of the evening bell,

As the red sun sinks in the glowing west;

How joyful the sounds when they seem to tell,

Of the evening feast and the hours of rest;

What are the words that they seem to spell

As they fall on the air from that distant dome?

What say the tones of that harmonious bell

When they seem to say Come Home, Come Home.

To the plowman all day in his narrow path,

As furrow by furrow he turns the soil,

That welcome sound but one meaning hath,

As it counts out the time to suspend his toil.

While the shadows lengthen at each counted round

He turns one ear toward that distant dome,

In hope of hearing that welcome sound

Which says to him—Come Home, Come Home.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

The gleaners that come from their many ways,
By sweet-heart or lover perchance may be gleaning;
They wish not for night but welcome the days:
To them those tones have another meaning.
How light seems the burden when love beguiles,
How short seem the hours when brightened by smiles;
Time goes unheeded till the fading light
And the sounding bell bid them say—Good Night.

When a ship sails out from a friendly shore
With its cargo of souls for some distant land,
Soft prayers are whispered many times o'er
And many times waves the parting hand.
As the shore grows dim o'er the cresting wave,
While the tears still cling to the faces grave,
The deep sad tones of some chapel bell,
Seem to speak o'er the waves—Farewell, Farewell.

To Miss Nell Hales, Pontiac, Ill.

Pontiac, Illinois.

My Dear Cousin:—

If you do not shut off your glowing description of what you do and what you see and what you hear in that wonderful country, where the setting sun seems to gild everything in gold, you will have me starting out to find you or to lose myself. I think I could almost enjoy being lost in such a country as you describe.

I begin to suspect that your opportunity and surroundings are having a very promising effect on you, and that if there is

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anybody at this end of the line interested in your case it is about time that some assistance shall come to me, or there may be another case of a lost John somewhere beyond the Rockies.

I herewith make a demand on you for a part of my attorney fee, fearing that if the case should go adversely I may lose all.

Did you purposely avoid, or neglect to write that your companion in your long ride was a Mr., a Mrs. or a Miss?

In fancy I have drawn a picture of the city as it appeared when you were returning to it. I hope I shall see Los Angeles some day and feel that I shall not be disappointed.

Your letter has given me so much subject matter about which to write that I have a real task before me if I answer your letter fully and then give you an accounting of my progress here.

I shall not fail to save your poem, "What Say the Bells?" and in order to have it for myself I have printed it on the back of your photograph.—I would not accept a fancy price for either.

One can easily realize how the circumstance of your reading the poem and then hearing the bells would impress you.

Turning now to home events I take up your hint about the Miss Raymond incident.—It gave me a real start in the right direction I think, since from it I have gained a real point by close observation—I now recollect that as I replied to Miss Raymond's question Mary seemed to be watching her more closely than she watched me. And, since your letter came, I saw Mary refuse to play Whist at a table at which Miss Raymond was sitting, giving as her excuse, that she would not remain long enough to play a rubber.

On another occasion, when a Saturday picnic had been proposed and names of a desirable party were being mentioned, Miss Arnold suggested that Miss Raymond should be invited because

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Saturday is the only day in the week that she can be absent from the institute, Mary expressed her disapproval by saying that Miss Raymond is not well enough known to be entitled to recognition as a member of our social family.

My next task will be to learn what all this signifies and what has led up to it—Look for results in next letter.

Last Friday was the golden anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Pearson and a number of the close friends dropped in and gave them a surprise.

Your mother was present and I enjoyed her appreciation of the event. She expressed a pretty sentiment when the Rev. Mr. Adamson presented to Mr. Pearson a cane bearing his initials in gold, and to Mrs. Adamson a handsome cup bearing her initials in gold. . . . Your mother clasped her hands and exclaimed "Oh, How beautiful, how beautiful! They are given the emblems of assistance and communion! The emblems of walking and supping together. . . . What a delightful journey and what delightful communion when two such congenial souls are allowed to walk and sup together through fifty short years!"

The Rev. Adamson then read a poem which he had composed for the occasion. . . . He gave it the title, "Fifty Golden Years." Several copies were requested and Mr. Adamson's son who works on the *Home News*, struck off a number of copies.

I am evening scores with you by sending you my copy which you must not lose and which you must send or bring to me.

FIFTY GOLDEN YEARS

Methinks, as I look down the valley of time,
And count its milestones one by one,
Its distant spires tokening hope sublime,
Of rest and peace when the journey is done,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

I can see the millions that are passing along
That are treading this way to their goal,
And, the voices that mingle in laughter and song
Resound in echoes that awaken the soul.

There are shadow and sunshine, waving meadow and mound,
And cascades, and pools where bright images play,
Sunny slope, walled in dell where the echoes resound,
And rugged mountains that border the way.
The songs of the birds, the hum of the bees,
And the brook as it babbles along,
The whirr of the breeze as it moves in the trees,
Prove that God was the author of song.

Some have strayed from the path their fathers trod
To seek out a way of their own
And are lost to view, and only God
Can reveal their fate if made known
Some rush along at a maddening pace,
Some meander without guide or aim,
Some trample on others in their race
For the prize of worldly fame.

Some rest or sleep while the sun is high
And complain when nightshades come,
And the end of their journey should be nigh
Of being so far from home.
Some travel in pairs, some wander alone,
Some move in the thick of the throng,
But all stop to count each numbered stone,
As the great procession moves on.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Some pluck the flowers and pronounce them fair,

Enjoying their fragrance and hue,
Remembering the hand that put them there
To brighten the journey through.

But what is this journey, and what its end?

And what is this span called Time?
Whence did it start, whither its trend?

Who answers all this is divine.

And I ponder long in earnest thought,

As the motly throng moves by;
Each without choice into life is brought,
Each without choice must die:

It is thus ordained, the decree is cast,

That be we weak or be we brave,
Our power to act can only last
From the cradle to the portals of the grave.

You will remember that Mr. Pearson led the choir in our church during many years, and that he still has a wonderful voice and is considered one of our best singers.

After the presentation, and after the reading of the poem by Mr. Adamson, Mr. Pearson sprung a great surprise.

Mrs Pearson was sitting with her back toward the piano, and just far enough out to allow him to step in behind her, and while in that position, and facing all the guests, he affectionately placed one hand on her head, and with the other hand beckoned his married daughter, Mrs. Jones, and pointed toward the piano-stool. When Mrs. Jones was seated he stooped and whispered in her ear, and she immediately began to play the dear, sweet old tune, everybody's favorite, "Darling I Am Growing Old,"

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preparing us to expect the dear old song ; but, instead he sang the beautiful words that follow.

The surprise was complete, and Mrs. Pearson could only express her feelings through her tears.

He explained that the approaching occasion and date had filled his mind with sad sweet thoughts, and that while at his work he had composed the words and rehearsed them until he knew he could sing them, and as he expected his daughter to be there on that occasion to play for him, he had prepared the surprise for his family not knowing that he, too, would have such a touching, joyful surprise.

The occasion suggested and acclaimed the title to the song, but, Mr. Adamson requested that as a special favor, he be allowed to enjoy the honor of supplying two words It was granted, and he wrote in the words "Life Beautiful".

THE GOLDEN WEDDING LIFE BEAUTIFUL

Fifty years ago to-day, Maud,
You became a happy bride,
When we pledged that thru life's pathway,
We would journey side by side
Then your eyes like purest priceless jewels,
Rivalled any royal gem,
And your shining, golden tresses,
Rivalled royal diadem.

CHORUS

Fifty years ago to-night, Maud,
You were fairest at the ball;

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Fifty years of love and sunshine,
You're still fairest of them all;
Fifty years that have not dimmed the skies,
Have not dimmed your loving eyes:
Fifty years could not seem long,
With your presence and your song.

Silver mingled with the gold,
Does not make your face seem old;
And your voice with tender trill,
Is the sweetest music still.
One, only, thought could vex my heart.
'Tis the fear that we must part.
Till life's full measure has been shared
Heaven grant that both be spared.

Good by, Los Angeles, I must next meet you in Phoenix, Arizona. All right. I'll be there soon.

If you do not find Phoenix prettier than my impression of the place I think you will make a short stay.

I wish you to write me one letter from Arizona at least, and if you can warm my fancy toward that state as you did warm it toward California, I think I shall be ready to start out to follow your course.

One never can know things definitely; but I do not think I shall have your reasons for traveling, though stranger things have happened.

I am right here so near to a subject that I have been hiding from you, that I think it a good chance to give you a little hint that I have about decided to assume the relationship with your

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chum Joe that will raise the question of my right of having any secrets that I do not share with him.

If I do assume that relationship, I think I could not make him any wiser by anything I could tell him about your case.

His interest in you and in me would make him a good assistant. Miss Raymond and all the other Misses would have a straight path to walk when I have affairs of my own.

Now keep all this under your hat and be careful where you hang your hat.

If the hinted event transpires, somebody will have to add another verse to "What Say the Bells"?

May the silver tones speak only joy will be my prayer, and I know it will be the prayer of my very near and dear cousin.

All this will be enough for you to think about during your busy days while moving to Arizona.

Your cousin Nell bids you

A cheering Good Night.—————

To Mr. John Allenby, Alexandria Hotel, Los Angeles, Cal.

Adams Hotel,
Phoenix, Arizona.

Dear Nell:—

Where the mountains seem to have no reason for being,
Where the eye seems to have no limit to seeing,
Where the rivers all flow underneath the ground,
And earth's richest gifts and blessings abound.———

This is Arizona.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Oh, you naughty Nell.

So you are contemplating a scheme to beat me out of my two best chums, Eh?

Well, let me tell you that from this date your fee is entirely contingent on your recovering my lost chum. Failing in that, you get no fee. So be busy.

I am guessing that you will see the point in what I lay before you.

If you take Joe away from me, and Joe takes you away from me, where will poor John be but without a chum?

If the event at which you hint transpires, I promise to bribe, tease or provoke the muse into adding a verse to "What Say the Bells"?

The anniversary you describe was a pretty event.

Such recognition of moral and social worth is soul-warming in effect and seems to be a meet reward. . . . It is a worthy aim for all to endeavor to grow into high esteem of one's associates.

I am sorry to have missed being there. I enjoy such gatherings and think it a real privilege to have the opportunity of expressing my high estimate of character and high standard of morals.

Mother has the faculty of appreciating the poetic beauties that adorn life and teach us to have a conception of the joys and beauties that heaven promises.

Who better than the Rev. Adamson could find such fitting and beautiful words as the words of his poem, "Fifty Golden Years," and use them to present a beautiful theme and an impressive sermon?

I have not yet decided what I shall do or how I shall attempt to win over your admiration to Arizona as it was won over to California. The task may not be so easy, but I shall try.

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My real occupation is that of squandering time. For that reason there is no purpose in my hurrying from place to place. I decided that I would not make the ride to Phoenix in one continuous ride and a part of it in the night at that.

My first stop was at Yuma, a town on the Colorado river.

It has the reputation of being the hottest place of its latitude on the western continent.

There is a place west of Yuma where a part of the ocean has been boiled dry by the terrible heat of the locality. If you have not read of this circumstance, you are liable to exclaim, "Oh that's a whopper," and think I am joking.

It is a proved fact that a basin the bottom of which is more than three hundred feet below sea level, was once a part of the ocean or gulf of California. The Colorado River flowed into this part of the sea and carried delta sands farther and farther out into it until the sands built up a complete break-water and cut off a part of the sea. The river later took a more southerly course and the cut-off portion of the sea, being left without a water supply, soon dried up by evaporation.——This is only another way of saying that it was boiled dry by the heat of the locality.

Acting on the theory that punishment should take in all forms of torture, early officials of Arizona decided that this hot place was not far from another hot place of which we read, and to which many of the prisoners would later go, and that for this very good reason it was a suitable location for the state prison.

Yuma was during many years the prison town of Arizona.

Phoenix, demanding her share of state patronage, has the state asylum for the insane.

I am hoping that all who belong at the institution are inside,

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but I have witnessed some performances during the two days I have been here that have stirred up my doubts.

I shall, however, give Phoenix fair judgment and will find all the nice things the place has to offer, before I move on.

Not having heard nor read one poetic thing since I last wrote to you I find myself out of time and out of rhyme. This is your good chance to best me in the race to find pretty things. I shall expect a nice selection in your next letter.

As a closing I must now turn to events at home where the center of interest still lies.

Every event seems to present some point to your keen observation. We are surely on the right course now. Do not allow yourself to pick a quarrel with Miss Raymond about a suspected offence toward any person. She is an innocent offender, if at all.

You now have my full consent to the course of asking, provoking or demanding of Mary a reason or cause for her treating me as she did.

I suggest that you go to her as an interested friend, which you have been, and which you wish to continue to be, and say, that in order for you to continue to be her friend you must know that she has been just to those who are near and dear to you.— In your tactful way lead her to know that you will be fair and unbiased in your decision. I feel confident that this plan will cause the light to shine into the dark corner and reveal the error or the false report upon which she acted.

How well do I know the sterling qualities of her refined character. If I did not know her so well, I might console myself by saying that there are too many like her to worry about the loss of one.

A brass ring may be lost or stolen and the loser suffer no

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regret; but one of gold, set with rubies and diamonds is too much to be lost, and the loss not be regretted.

May success reward your efforts which are for the good of all.

My task to-morrow will be to find the nice things of Phoenix, and to make my selection of something poetic or beautiful to send to you. I will not say that the task is not encouraging, because I have already seen and heard interesting things.

On Sunday I shall find a church and attend services, I shall at least hear the bell and hear some singing.

In fairness to Arizona I must say that I do not wish to leave the state with the feeling or impression I heard a woman express.

Some person had said something about going to church; and she, with an expression of surprise, said "Why, do they have a church in Arizona? I sure enough done had made up my mind that the Lord never was out in this country."

The people down here should be good singers. I think so, because, do you know, they have a kind of a horse called a burro that sings about the worst song yet heard; the roosters crow all night, and the dogs bark day and night. If the people have the same amount of vocal energy they should sing some.

Where I begin to waste good ink, paper and time in writing sheer nonsense you will be looking for the closing period, and thinking it should be in sight.

I fancy I am feeling your reproof, so I'll put that period right down here after a Cheerful Good Night.

Your cousin,

John Allenby.

To Miss Nell Hales, Pontiac, Ill.

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Pontiac, Illinois,

My Dear Cousin:—

You have just given me too much to answer and too much to write about. If I fail where you are most interested you must not be impatient with me.

Remember that time is all that you have to consider, while I have your affair, and my regular duties, and, last but not least,—Joe—. He misses his chum so much that if I did not consider him really good company he would be a nuisance to me, and would take up more of my time than I can afford to give him. I know the poor fellow is lonesome and I am trying to be patient and forebearing with him for your—? sake.

If you do not do better for Phoenix than you did for Yuma the people of Phoenix would do well to censor your correspondence very strictly.—You would not be a drawing card.

I am sure you will do better; for I so well know that it is your habit to look for the best only.

My time has been so taken up, since I last wrote you, by that chum of yours, that I have a short list of events to describe.

While I have it in mind I wish to say that I suppose that you returned Mary's letters as she commanded you to do, and that she returned yours, and that you both tossed them all into the fire as the last chapter of a sad story. In connection with this thought I have something to relate, that proves to me that she encourages a tender sentiment, and which assures me that all will end as we hope.

Mary came to see me a few days ago. It was the first time she had paid me a call or visit since you left, and while it was probably intended to be a formal social function, it turned out to be a really friendly visit.——

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I must confess that I used a little stratagem for a purpose. It gave such results that I pardon myself and use your pet phrase "The end justified the means"——

It came about in this manner. —— One day while reading, when I had in my mind the thought about the returned and, probably, burned letters I found the touching little poem, which I inclose. It brought tears to my eyes, as it would to the eyes of all who have had their sympathies touched either by their own experience or by the sorrow of others.——

With my scissors I made it one of my prizes.

When Mary's formality of manner had all vanished and she was her natural self again though very quiet, the thought came to me that I would see what effect the poem would have on her.

She had accepted my invitation to remain to lunch, and as mother was spending the day with Aunt Sarah, I asked Mary to entertain herself while I gave orders for the lunch.——Before leaving the room I managed to slip the poem, which I had bound with ribbon to show that I prized it, between some loose photos which lay in a tray on the table and near where she was sitting. The photos were a new one of Joe, one of yours and several others.——

When I returned to the room she had been crying but did not appear to be embarrassed at my seeing her tears;—"Oh, Nell," She said, "I want that poem, it is so touching and so beautiful."

I told her I could not spare that copy as I had a use for it, but gave her my promise that I would typewrite a copy for her.

Had further opportunity been given me then, it is probable that this letter would have called you home, and my task would have been ended, but just at that moment lunch was announced, and before lunch was finished, Joe (the nuisance?) came and the spell was broken.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Joe joined us at lunch and at evening Joe and I took Mary home. I meant to say that Joe took her home and I went with them. It would not have been out of order for Joe to have brought me home and Mary come with us but somehow I did not remember to ask her.

When I return her call I shall carry out your suggestion as nearly as circumstances will allow. I am very sorry you have not yet explained the incident to which Miss Raymond was a party.

If, as we suspect, some circumstances or report connecting your name with that of Miss Raymond, was the cause of trouble, and she should so inform me when I go to see her, without your explanation I would have no weapon or defense, and would not be prepared to explain nor deny what may have been alleged.— I shall however avoid deep water.

During Mary's visit I managed to speak of Miss Raymond to commend her good taste in dress, and her nice manner, but Mary did not give me any encouragement to say more on that subject.

The whole story resolves itself into a plot in which the Three Graces pose as three injured innocents.—

Miss Raymond is not aware that she is being discussed by anybody, and has no reason to suspect that she is, because she has given no cause.

I read a part of one of your California letters to Joe, his comment was that he or I or both of us should start out to find you and bring you back. He also said that it appeared to him that you were being very fascinatingly entertained or were entertaining yourself very contentedly.

How far he was wrong I shall not attempt to say. I do not

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know. But, I do know, that you are as far from home as you should be, and probably much farther than you will wish to be when you are needed.

I am still keeping it as my own secret that you are absent because you did not know what other course to follow under the trying circumstances.— Your pride would not allow you to demand a hearing, and you did not know that a written request for an explanation would be read if sent by a messenger.— I know your high estimate of her. It explains to me and would to others why you wish to spare her the embarrassment of having a broken engagement become the common topic of local talk.— These are good reasons for your absence, but others do not know them.—

Your consideration is admirable, and at the same time is of good policy while we have such assurance that all wrongs will be made right.

After all the nice things you have not said of Arizona I am curious to know what I shall receive as your next poetical selection or effusion.—If you must fall back on your own effort, perhaps you had better ride that burro-horse when you go out hunting for an inspiration.— You refer to him as representing Arizona.

How about his song? Does it represent Arizona music?

There, I have given you some of your own dope (Excuse the slang); nonsense for nonsense.

In conclusion let me suggest that you move faster and that you move faster to the left.—Some of these days you will be trying to make haste up the Mississippi and you may be so unreasonable as to complain because the tide and current are against you.

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This last paragraph expresses a good thought for you to keep in mind, so I shall close right here with the usual cheerful

Good Night,
Nell.

BURNED LETTERS IN MEMORY'S URN REMAIN

It is done: In the fire's fitful flashes
The last line has withered and curled;
In a tiny white heap of dead ashes
Lie buried the hopes of your world.

There were mad foolish vows in each letter;
It is well they have shriveled and burned;
And the ring? Oh, the ring was a fetter,
It was better removed and returned.

But. Ah! Is it done? In the embers
Where letters and tokens were cast,
Have you burned up the heart that remembers
And treasures its beautiful past?

Do you think in this reckless fashion
To ruthlessly burn and destroy
The memory of love's wildest passion
And dreams that were drunken with joy?

Can you burn up the rapture of kisses
That flashed from the lips to the soul,
Or the heart that grows sick for lost blisses
In spite of its power of control?

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Have you burned the touch of warm fingers
That thrilled through each pulse and each vein,
Or the sound of the voice that still lingers
And hurts with its haunting refrain?

Is it done? Is the life drama ended,
You have put all the lights out, and yet,
Though the curtain rung down has descended
Can the actors go home and forget?

Ah! No. They will turn in their sleeping
With a strange restless pain in their hearts,
And in sadness and darkness still weeping,
They will think they are acting their parts.

To Mr. John Allenby, Ford Hotel, Phoenix, Arizona.

Ford Hotel,
Phoenix, Arizona.

My dear Little Cousin Nell:—

I am well pleased with the task before me this time. Your letter was very much enjoyed and appreciated.

Your progress is more than gratifying. Hope is running high and I am beginning to think of Christmas dinner at home surrounded by congratulating friends and relatives.

You have given no hint regarding date when congratulations of another kind will be coming to you. — You surely will not allow a date to be named that will not contemplate my previous return.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

If a tide of adverse circumstances does not throw its weight against me I shall not worry about the current of the Mississippi.

You will have paid Mary your intended visit ere this letter can reach you, therefore I need not tell you of the incident of which I gave you a hint.

Your poem play was questionably fair, and almost dramatic. I am not surprised at her tears, even though her sympathies may have been all for others and not for herself.

You have my promise that I shall find the nice things of Arizona, but I do not know how well I have succeeded in finding them.

We are now in what are called winter months and instead of banks of snow we have banks of snow white chrysanthemums, trees of roses, bushes of geraniums, acres of cosmos, and other flowers in such profusion, that winter is not used as the name of a season.

Spring is almost as inappropriate as the name of a season. Planting time is ever with us.

It is thought that flowers see so much of one another that they get to quarreling among themselves.—— It is said that a fellow who believed he could interpret the language of nature, claimed to have heard the dispute presented in the following lines.——

A WHITE LILY AND A RED ROSE

A lily and a rose while disputing one day,
Found many severe things, indirectly, to say
Of various neighbors, and even their friends
Got many a gouge ere the argument ends.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

The lily so modest made quiet defense,
The rose was sarcastic and severely intense
As with personal pride each endeavored to show,
Herself the superior among all flowers that grow.

It was color and caste ancestry and grace,
Upon which each claimed her right to first place,
While in much written lore and poet-made fame,
Each had much to show in support of her claim.

As to color 'twas plain they could never agree,
The rose was too gaudy one easily could see,
For taste with refinement is not lavish with red
Which the savage admires at all times it is said.

She could boast of refinement of taste,
To her nature's colors are only a waste,
To appear in public like a bright red flame,
Was too much for her pride and her sense of shame.

Though her heathen kin of the earlier days
May have worn more color, may have had cruder ways
To show the advantage of culture and caste,
She avoided the modes of the barbarous past.

Oh. You silly thing, said the rose in her wrath,
How could anyone see such a thing in one's path?
Without size or shape, without width or length,
Without color or odor, and without force or strength,
What right can you claim to be counted in line
With flowers that are common or with those that are fine?

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Her own presence is known in the dark of the night,
Her fragrance reveals her without need of a light,
And if idlers meander regardless of laws,
She keeps them in place by the use of her claws.

As to color, she said, there is little to say,
Since nature has made it and has shown the way
To mark fine distinctions that prohibit excess,
In its general use, or on personal dress.

But to say that nature's fine colors are waste,
And to say their use shows degenerate taste,
Is begging a point, without effort to show,
That the lily believes what she claims to know.

As to caste and lineage there was little to show,
How far into the past either family could go,
So they dropped that subject to find time and place
To have a fair tilt on the subject of grace.

But who should be arbiter of the points of grace,
Their neighbors about them each standing in place?
But, they could not agree in the question of choice,
And the question were endless if all had a voice.

Then, how to proceed was the question in line,
And, what constitutes grace, the next to define,
And thus they parleyed through anger and pride,
Each claiming the points were all on her side,
But approached no nearer a point of decision,
Through argument, frowns, or words of derision.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

How talons and spears with grace could appear,
From the lily's viewpoint could not be made clear,
And if red be added, and green, and brown,
She thought the result the full garb of a clown.

“Again you assume that what you do not possess,
Are essential omissions to show taste in dress.”
Thus spoke the rose with a leer of contempt,
For such rank assumption, of which she was exempt.

And she added with ire that the subject was ended,
Since the lily used methods that could not be defended.
If the absence of all that pulls down the scale,
Be the sum of merit, what shall it avail,
To have the best gifts of form, color and size,
If none of these gifts are worthy to prize?

The lily made answer with much dignity and grace,
“I deplore your anger, It is much out of place,
For grace is our theme, and you should have shown,
That you know its charm, and have grace of your own.

Grace is not size, nor color, nor prescribed form,
Grace is not power to withstand foes or storm;
Grace is refinement of manner and pose,
Grace is refinement of all that shows
The effect of culture, hence, I claim you lose
When your temper is lost and bad manners you use.

We are not obliged to believe the account, but the alleged origin is unusual if not interesting.

I was at first surprised by the spirit of contentment mani-

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festated by the people, but I have since learned that the luxury of ease and sunshine are so satisfying that those who remain long enough to outgrow the first agonies of homesickness, soon settle into such a state of passivity that no inducement will tempt them to leave Arizona, and that a large percentage of those who do leave for one reason or another, soon return rejoicing.

Perhaps I should take note of my own condition relative to this usual change in people who come here.

Phoenix is a small, young city, but she offers more good wholesome entertainment than many larger cities. I enjoyed a real treat, last night, in attending a home-talent demonstration. The entire program was offered by students of the schools and music classes and their instructors.

The entertainment gave me an excellent opportunity to judge the ability, sentiment, temperament, and taste of the people of the interior south west.

I especially enjoyed the new song "Arizona" composed by a pioneer resident of the state, and offered to the public for the first time on this occasion. The applause that followed gave evidence of appreciation, and the fact that as the audience caught the air, many good singers joined heartily in the chorus, gave proof that the song made a great hit.

The words are:—

ARIZONA

Who loves the mountains where the eagle screams,
Who loves the valleys with life-giving streams,
Who loves the deserts or the grassy plains,
Or loves the deep-tilled fields with golden grains,
May build a home of modest mode, or grand,
In this our chosen state, our chosen land.

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CHORUS

Then hoist her banners high,
And sing a glad acclaim,
There is no clearer sky,
There is no dearer name;
The sun that shines upon every land,
On valley, plain, and on mountain grand,
Should save all his brightest
Rays for thee— A R I Z O N A

Who loves the blessings that the sunshine brings,
Who loves the melodies the song-bird sings,
Who loves the shadow of the lofty pines,
And loves the fragrance of the flowering vines,
May build a home of modest mode or grand,
In this our chosen state, our chosen land;

CHORUS

Who seeks the wealth the ancient mountains hold,
Who seek a shelter from the northern cold,
Who seeks a freedom from the strife of creeds,
And longs to live where merit measures deeds,
May build a home of modest mode, or grand,
In this our chosen state, our chosen land.

CHORUS

Who seeks the truth of every day and age,
Who seeks the wisdom of the saint and sage,
Who seeks the honor of a righteous strife,

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And seeks the glory of a wellspent life,
May build a house on rock, a mansion grand,
A resting-place in Heaven's border land.

CHORUS

The entertainment was a success from every point of view and I enjoyed every item of the long program. I found myself influenced and carried by the enthusiasm of an appreciative gathering of people who had not been oversated by too much public effort.

The sheer luxury of being in this delightful climate is more than the advantage of all that wealth can buy in many other places, and I am beginning to understand why people are satisfied and contented.

I do not know how fast or how far I shall go when I start eastward, but sometime within the next ten days I shall probably reach New Orleans, to which place you will send your next letter in care of The St. Charles Hotel.

From New Orleans the line of least resistance would bring me up the Mississippi, and I am persuaded to come that way if your next letter is as encouraging as your last.

Do not impose too much of a task on yourself in trying to find some gem of poetry to send in each letter.——I appreciate them but I know how hard they are to find, and that much depends on one's mood at the time of selecting.

You have been very fortunate so far by having some event place something in your hands.——How I shall prize them after I return and your letters and poetry will make interesting reading for Mary when in the accounting of all the valuable aid I have had in trying to discover and right all wrongs, I allow her to read them.

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I am sure the fire shall never curl one precious leaf of them.

In the event that the happy event for which we hope shall come, I think the collection on both sides should be united in sequence for later perusal.——Perhaps, when I shall be older and less sentimental, the correspondence would not be interesting, but at the present moment it is the absorbing theme.

This is a poor attempt at answering your nice letter. Length is its whole boast. I am driven to the admission that I am over-matched and out-classed in a contest with you.

My effort is at least worthy and I am sure you will so accept it from your cousin,

John.

To Miss Nell Hales, Pontiac, Ill.

Pontiac, Illinois.

My Dear Cousin John:—

Your effort is indeed worthy, and its production is appreciated more than you probably know or think.

You flatter me and I am beginning to feel the importance of my position and undertaking, and since you have chosen me as your advocate and ambassador, I am really in earnest in all that I do. It is a happy mission when one's aims of attainment are for something of such unusual quality that the more participants there are the greater the portion to each.—*Happiness and peace are in this class.*

I have the startling announcement to make that Mary has gone to Chicago, and did not announce the date of her departure nor the date when she will return.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

I went to her home to return or repay her call and was informed by her mother that Mary had gone to visit and assist an aunt who is quite ill.

The date of her return will be governed by the duration of the aunt's illness.

Your advocate was not quilty of using any lawyer's tactics or ethics in the way of trying to get an expression relative to Mary's broken engagement, from the mother.

As I expected, I found the poem I had typed for Mary, neatly bound with a delicately tinted ribbon, and with it I found similarly bound this little poem:—

THE LETTERS AND TOKENS THAT WERE NOT BURNED

I have read those letters so many times through,
I know that love wrote them, I believe the vows true;
I smiled at their contents; they were folded with pride,
And I prized them with love's many tokens beside:
Could such fervent words in jest have been spoken?
Could such sacred vows by their maker be broken?

Then words are useless, meaningless things
That make jest of truth and turn joy to stings.

I have looked at the ring and pondered it much,
And felt joy and pride in its comforting touch;
The ring is an emblem without length or end,
It tokens the vows of lover and friend.
Do you tell me the hand that placed it there,
Was not guided by love and directed by prayer,
Then words are useless, meaningless things
That makes jest of truth and turn praise to stings.

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And I counted the kisses, till the count was lost,
And hoarded my keep-sakes, not counting their cost;
Each little memento had some message to tell,
When, and where it was given, remembered so well;
Do the language of tokens, and the thrills of kisses
But give one false hopes of more lasting blisses?

Then words are useless, meaningless things
That makes jest of truth and turn joy to stings.

I have studied the picture till the lips seemed to move,
To speak words of love and all doubts reprove,
Those eyes that have followed, my own eyes to meet
Had no hidden glances, nor wavering deceit;
Do those lights that beam out from the inmost soul
Have shadowy depths under secret control?

Then light is a wicked, deceptive glare
That makes jest of truth and a mockery of prayer.

Caresses and kisses to memory are given,
Their sweetness all lost if love's ties e'er be riven
And the rapture that stole from caressing fingers,
Gave a thrill to the heart of a joy that lingers;
I know only love such thrills can impart;
I know only love could have reached my heart,
Else words and emotions are meaningless things
That make jest of truth and turn joy to stings.

Must love to be true burn a lasting scar,
That those who have loved may be counted afar?
Must those who have loved but have loved in vain,
Refrain from loving, nor be loved again?

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Then what a sad world with its errors and losses,
Oh! What a sad world with its pitfalls and crosses,
If vows and promises are meaningless things
That make jest of truth and turn joy to stings.

The heritage of love to all has been given,
'Tis the greatest of all the rich gifts of heaven,
We must hope through all doubts and have faith through all fears
Have patience with anger and sympathy with tears,
And know that though error and doubts may assail
At last must faith, hope, and love prevail.

I asked permission of the mother to write the words with pen and ink and typed two copies after I came home.

I like the well rounded out theme that breathes such an inspiration of hope of the right ending of nearly all disappointing conditions in life.— I have no patience with, nor apology for, fickle love, but I do agree with that fellow who said,—

“To have loved unwisely or to have loved in vain,
Gives one the better right to love again.”

If to this sentiment we join the unwavering trust so nicely expressed in the poem, we have a kind of love that is not prone to fickleness,——

Again it has happened that the luck of having something put into my hands has saved me the task of hunting something to send for your scrap-book.—— At the same time I have not failed to note that my faculty of observing is being cultivated, and I realize to a greater extent, how many of the best things we might enjoy are allowed to pass unobserved.

Your suggestion to save all our letters interests me. It is really a novel, and if all turns out well and Mary learns how

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eloquently she has been defended and abused she will be frenzied to read them. But, just think of the poor girl trying to spell out all my bad writing. I am afraid she will wear the letters out so there would be little left for the fire to burn.

While I have not seen Mary very frequently during the recent months her absence causes it to look deserted toward the north. Your absence causes the south to seem deserted. And, what do you think? Even Joe has been absent a whole month. No. I meant to say he has been absent a whole week, and his absence makes the east look like nothing. If you wish to make a good guess, just guess that Nell Hales is lonesome.——Miss Raymond is the only one of our story-characters remaining in place, but since it is late I shall leave you to guess the nice things I would say of her if I said anything. She is really so gifted and beautiful that she could be a dangerous rival.—— I am glad that Joe does not seem to like and admire her as much as I do.

Arizona did not fare so badly under your description after all. I am sure your report will not be suppressed.—— One must suspect that infatuation or adhesion is spreading over you very rapidly.

It will probably be a good thing for you to keep moving and turning more toward the left.

New Orleans and the Mississippi will surely give you an inspiration. I have a right to expect a nice letter from that place and in order that you will not use too much space in answering mine I shall close in eager expectation of yours.

Your cousin Nell.

To Mr. John Allenby, St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, Miss.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

St. Charles Hotel,
New Orleans, Miss.

My Dear Cousin Nell:—

Outclassed and outdone. Your letter has given me a pleasing task but of such effort that if I answered it fully and well I would be proud of the accomplishment.——If I have no space left you will be disappointed, I know, but you surely have learned by this time not to expect too much of me.

My trip eastward from Phoenix was without event or particular interest. The scenery does not offer much variety and in consequence I soon found myself interested in a book.——Between reading and sleeping time seemed short.

From a man who sat with me during several hours, I learned many interesting facts about the country through which we were riding, and of the people and their ways and manners.

New Orleans would make a good subject for books—— A letter could not make a good head-line.

As the name implies, the city was named after a city in the southern part of France, and as might be further supposed, many of the people are French or of French descent.

They are of a fun-making and sport-loving disposition. One who can assimilate their manners and outgrow the feeling of being and appearing strange can find rich entertainment here.

When I come to the task of describing the Mississippi I just lay down my pen.

It has the longest name, is the longest stream, and has more tributaries than any other river in the world, yet it does not appear to be larger than many other rivers,——In this last respect a good comparison is that of looking at the ocean,—One cannot see far enough to form a correct idea of its size when compared with other large rivers.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

The little anonymous poem, following, gives a better description of the Niagara and Mississippi rivers than I could write in a hundred pages.—I remember just how I felt when I stood by The Niagara, and I know how I feel as I stand by the Mississippi. Somebody who knows the magic of a few rhymed and timed words has expressed my feelings and saved me the task.

THE GIANT WATERS OF AMERICA

I stood on the bank of a mighty river,
And gazed in awe at nature's wonder,
Into frightful depths that made me shiver,
Where torrents poured with a voice of thunder,
I thought of the thousands and millions and millions
Of acres and miles that had poured o'er the brink,
Till I reckoned a sum of billions and billions,
That caused me to pause and easily think
That all the showers of all the ages,
Would not fill the gorge where Niagara rages.

I stood on the bank of a mightier stream,
And gazed at immensity till I seemed to dream
That all the ships of recorded ages,
Enrolled on leaves of unnumbered pages,
Had been set afloat on this mighty river,
With their varied flags in the breeze aquiver,
With their pennants abaft and their pennants before,
As they plowed in the crest or followed the shore;
There was no need of strife for position or place
Since for many times more there was ample space.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Whence come these waters? Where do they go?
Why do not the oceans all overflow?
By what Infinite power do they come again
To replenish the streams of mountain and plain?
Can all the showers and the melted snow,
Sustain their volume as onward they go?
Do the drifting clouds and the drops of rain,
Bring back to the streams this water again?
Aye! Aye! For drops of water and grains of sand,
Make all the water and all the land.

I had just a little of your luck in finding this little poem, which is so suited to my use.

While writing about poems I wish to ask or know the origin of the beautiful poem you sent me in your last.

It is truly an inspiration to me. Many of the lines express thoughts we do not often hear uttered. The last verse is especially expressive of a beautiful thought and is a sermon in itself. I like the kind of love described in every line of the poem. It is so unquestioning and unwavering.

My own thoughts lead me on until I begin to speculate and wonder what a person enjoying that kind of love and confidence would do or say if she were asked to give up the picture and the ring, and all tokens and letters and renounce all ties and claims.

I would not have such a verse added to the beautiful poem, but I would like to know how the same writer would express the thought.

It would interest me to know the thoughts that passed through Mary's mind when she read the two poems which she has placed in such close association.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

The one poem describes a love that could not forget, and could not be denied, and a wound that would not heal.

The other describes a love that has no thought of denial, nor of conditions that will not reconcile.

I feel assured that when you see Mary, as I know you will soon after her return, and ask a plain declaration from her, that you will write me a letter that will call me home to give an explanation and receive a greeting that will leave everybody but a discrete few, unwise to what has happened.

I get much of this assurance from your last letter and from Mary's evident appreciation of the poem.

I am convinced that error, doubt, fear, and anger were the mischief makers, and that so soon as their damage is effaced my patience shall be rewarded, and I shall long enjoy a rich vindication of the course I have followed.

Do not forget to assure the family at home, and my mother especially, that I am well and that I am looking homeward.

At no other time in my life did I ever so fully experience and appreciated the lasting effect of a mother's character, teaching and example, as I have during this trip.

Her life, example and teaching have built up in my mind such a high estimate of the good woman that I feel that woman is exalted to the highest station of earthly existence.

I shall remain at my present address, or return to it for your next letter, which must bring me good news.

Hoping that the vacant spaces in your horizon have been refilled by this time, and that Little Nell is not lonesome to-night, and will not be lonesome again till I see her, your cousin John is happy and cheerful when he says —

Good Night.

To Miss Nell Hales, Pontiac, Ill.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Pontiac, Illinois.

My Dear Cousin:—

Oh, Cousin John, I am so happy to-night. Joe is home, Mary is home, you are coming home, we'll all be home, and home will be what it used to be.

I know that all is well and will end well because there is no culprit in the case.

It is up to you to explain away some circumstantial evidence, which I know you can do, and get a clear dismissal of your case.

As you requested, I went at once to Mary when I learned she had returned, and stated the purpose of my visit very plainly.

I told her our friendship had been of too long standing to come to an end without sufficient cause, and that if there was a cause it must be made known.

I told her further that if she had reasons in the readings of her own heart to do as she had done, I could love her all the more, but that if through error or misunderstanding or false report, she was accusing you of something of which you should not be accused, she could not claim my friendship.

I tried to assure her that through my intimate knowledge of you and your affairs, and through the knowledge of your chum Joe, I was in a position to know that there was no offense of which you should be accused.

I told her that even facts susceptible of easy proof had no wrong import to me until your lips explained them.

To this point, she had not uttered one word or sound of remonstrance or encouragement, but slowly came toward me.

My own emotion so nearly overcame me that I did not try

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

to look at her while speaking, but when I had finished I raised my face and four eyes brimming full of tears met.

It was not a moment for words, and so long as I live I shall never forget the thrill of joy that I felt when she threw both arms about me, and rested her forehead on my shoulder.

During minutes all I could hear or feel was her stifled sob and quivering throb, while hot tears fell upon my hand that lay upon her arm.

When she could speak she said "Oh, Nell, You dear little angel, I know Heaven sent you to me. I was wrong, I know I was wrong, and I am so glad to know it was I who was wrong."

There was no need of further explanation. I told her I would leave you to make your own defense, but she said she could not keep the annoying thoughts to herself any longer, and that while she did not wish anyone but you and myself to know them, she wished us to know them at once.

She then sat down beside me and told me how Miss Raymond's name just seemed to be in the air, and that purposely or incidentally your name and Miss Raymond's were coupled so many times that she fancied the whole world was gloating on her mortification.

Even Willie, her little brother, found delight in teasing her and telling her that Miss Raymond had stolen her beau. They told me John was bringing her to the Institute, and coming for her at night. And Willie said that one day at noon he drove up and asked if Miss Raymond had come, and when told that she had not come he gave one of the girls a large sealed letter, to be given to her.

"There now," she said, "I have told you all. I was angry

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and jealous and excited and did not know just what I did. I do not know how much was said or what was told or what reasons there were for telling anything. I am now the defendant and plead guilty and ask pardon or a suspended sentence. Let me go to the judge or bring him to me.”

How well I know there is nothing to explain on your part, but I shall be curious to know just what circumstances were woven into a chain.

Mary's repentance has shown good fruits already. On the Saturday next following her confession, she went in her auto and brought Miss Raymond home with her for the day, and took her back in the evening.

Mary and I now stand as rivals for first place as Miss Raymond's chum.

For a time at least I shall not be interested in New Orleans nor in the people of New Orleans, nor in anything between here and there.

The poem *Giant Waters of America*, has not had much attention yet. Later when I have time to read and think I shall read it carefully and file it where it belongs in our correspondence.

There is no poetry this time. I have been in such a state of excitement that a book or paper would have fared badly in my hands.

Now take note and heed that Nell Hales has taken things into her hands for just one day and evening, and that you, Mr. John Allenby, are commanded to come into Bloomington, Ill., on Thursday Nov. 27th. at 9 a. m. It will not matter from what place you come or what course you travel to get there, but do not fail to get off that train.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Write by return mail and acknowledge receipt of this summons.

Nell Hales.

To Mr. John Allenby, St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, Miss.

St. Charles Hotel,
New Orleans, Miss.

Hon. Nell Hales, Pontiac, Ill.:—

In acknowledgement of receipt of your summons I promise that nothing short of a total suspension of the powers of locomotion shall prevent my appearance at the time and place named.

I would ask some questions if a person of less consequence were in control.

The plan as suggested does not imply haste. I could arrive at Pontiac by train earlier than an auto could arrive from Bloomington.

You have left me to speculate regarding your plans, but I am certain I shall not be disappointed.

I am of a truth in a happy frame of mind, but by no means tranquil.

I have all the time enjoyed such assurance that all would end as we knew it must, that delay has been my worst annoyance.

It is not often that a real dynamic charge puts matters in order as yours did. It is well you did not wait longer.

I wish Mary to know the explanation of those declarations that most annoyed her, before we meet, in order that there may be no embarrassment and reservation on either

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side; and, as our meeting will probably occur when others are present, I must make it a part of your service to offer my explanations.

As sacred as truth should be, it is sometimes used as a mischief maker.

It is accidentally true, that I did offer Miss Raymond a ride from the mill-crossing to the Institute. She accepted.

It is accidentally true that I happened to arrive at the Institute just as she reached the gate and that I offered her a ride which she accepted as far as the mill-crossing.

It is true that I did give one of the girls a sealed letter containing Miss Raymond's credentials which had been given the directors of the Institute for examination, and which I was requested to return to her. Supposing that she would be at the Institute, and as I would pass it on my way, I adopted the plan.

“MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING”

No explanation will be made about Willie's part in the play, and no punishment shall be inflicted. It requires about so much of that sort of temperament to make a real boy. The other kinds of boys are not worth mentioning. Some other boy—some other girl's brother—may some day even the score on him.

I shall spend the intervening ten days in trying to evolve my plans in trying to guess what you have planned for the day of the prodigal's return.

Just now the dearest, sweetest theme is the one that John Howard Payne expressed in immortal song,—Home Sweet Home, and thoughts not associated with home do not interest me.

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I was in the right mood to enjoy and appreciate the selected poem which I enclose as the last chapter of our correspondence, which has been a source of unmeasured profit and pleasure to me. I feel too that it has been the means of my recovering a treasure, which, if lost would have been an irreparable loss.

I do not know when my thanks to you for what you have done, can begin or end, but I do know that I do hope you will never need the price I would be willing to pay if you needed it.

My fervent wish is that you shall ever be above the need of my poor assistance.

The Sweet Old Song That Is Ever New.

HOME SWEET HOME

As I sit by the cheering grate at night,
And gaze at the fitful flame,
I can see a picture in brilliant light,
A picture that needs no name;
I can see a mother with silvered hair,
And a book with letters of gold,
A brow that is noble, and wondrous fair;
'Tis a picture that never grows old.

In an easy chair by the chimney side
Sits a form to the household dear,
'Tis of father, the guide, the example and pride,
The protection and counsel through fear,
Whose strongest defense of his well-watched fold,
Is honor that none can assail;
Whose wealth is much more than silver and gold,
And from sources that never fail.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

I can see o'er the mantel a snow-white face,
With circles and figures around,
With lines that divide the circular space,
And I fancy I hear the sound
Of the tock-tick-tock, that day and night,
As a bright disc swings to and fro,
Counts out the seconds in rapid flight
To show where the minutes go.

And that smiling group, with their harp and lute,
I can see through the fire's mellow glow,
Till I fancy their lips are no longer mute,
That they sing the songs that I know;
By uttered words is the silence broken,
But those words from my own lips come;
I awake from my dream when those words are spoken,
Those sacred words are Home, Sweet, Home.
To Miss Nell Hale, Pontiac, Ill.

PONTIAC HOME NEWS

November 28.

Mr. James Adamson, who is regularly associated with the **Home News** staff, negotiated a holdiay on Nov. 27, by promising to supply, in lieu of his usual work, an interesting paragraph for our readers. It is given below.

A DELIGHTFUL OUTING AND SURPRISE

On the occasion of the return of our esteemed townsman, Mr. John Allenby, who has been absent on an extended journey through west-ern and southern states, the talented Miss Nell Hales, who always knows how to do the right thing at the right time, planned a meet-

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ing and a greeting that will long be remembered.

The purpose of Mr. Allenby's trip was for vacation, pleasure and business. Judging from his satisfied look and his improved appearance, I conclude that he had a full measure of benefit in each item.

When it was known that Mr. Allenby would arrive in time to have his thanksgiving dinner with his friends and relatives Miss Hales arranged the program for the day and evening.

The first treat on the program was an auto ride to Bloomington to meet the 9 a. m. train, Miss Hales, having planned that Mr. Allenby should leave the train at that point and come home across country in her auto.

For the outgoing ride the party included, Miss Hales, Miss Mary Howe, Miss Laura Raymond, teacher of classics at the Institute, Miss Della Enfield, Mr. Joe Lemont, Mr. Roy Canby and the scribe who acted as chauffeur and received for his pay many undeserved compliments.

The train was on time to the minute.

The meeting and greeting was a joyful event which I shall not attempt to describe.

For the return trip the party was made up of even couples.

Conversation was difficult on account of the hum and cluck of the auto, but the jubilant spirits of the party broke out in spontaneous song.

People met on the road might suppose the party to be a troupe of jubilee singers who were rehearsing their whole list of songs.

Arriving at Pontiac, Mr. Allenby's mother was added to the auto party which went to the home of Miss Hales where dinner was ready to be served, and where other guests were assembled.

Did we have dinner? Well, I Wonder.

About all the scribe can remember is that we all ate a long time and then we ate some more, and that when he quit eating he was so nearly stupefied that he forgot what he had eaten.

After dinner, conversation was general for a time, but it was soon noted that the sisters Mrs. Hales and Mrs. Allenby had much to discuss and manage, and the young people soon found their party resolved into even couples.

Later in the evening when the lamps were lighted, songs were again proposed and all the party joined with such energy that

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Thanksgiving was beautifully expressed in spirit and song.

The scribe, who was trying to see and hear and remember everything, did not fail to observe some beautiful rings that suggested a party at which white gloves and white ties are appropriate.

He did not ask permission to announce this observation and hopes he will not be punished for expressing in words what the rings express mutely.

It was a day never to be forgotten by any member of the party.

The sun shone kindly, giving a perfect day, and thanksgiving was expressed in mutual joy, in joyful greeting, in the lingering touch of love-thrilled hands, in feast, in words, in smiles, in tears.

Every element of joy was expressed, in the language of the touch, the voice, the eyes and the tongue.

At about breaking-up time a proposition was made to allow

each young man the use of the car to the extent of five minutes for each mile necessarily driven to take his respective companion for the day, to her home.

Joe Lamont tried to name a reason to complain of this plan, which attitude was clearly understood by all, and Joe was cried down.

While all the guests were still present, a vote of thanks to Miss Hales for a most enjoyable day was proposed. It carried unanimously, and the ladies thinking it did not fully express their gratitude, each gave her a fervent kiss.

The young men probably wished they might be more liberal, but did not venture to name any regrets.

Good wishes, hearty congratulations, and hand-shaking made a busy scene as the guests prepared to depart with smiling faces and happy thoughts that will long be remembered.

John Adamson.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

A

WILLIE and MAY, N MILLIE and RAY

D

Two pretty cottages stood side by side,
With only ten paces to spare;
Each was the home of a happy bride,
Who gave it her pride and her care;
And sunshine and showers that are free to all,
Gave such life to the fertile soil,
That each perfect seed that was caused to fall,
Gave rich reward for the planter's toil.

And tender twigs, too slender to stand,
Were planted in well-marked row,
By measuring eye and caressing hand,
Encouraging those scions to grow;
And coaxing sunshine and refreshing showers,
Gave a girdle of green for each cluster of flowers,
While refreshing shade of the spreading trees,
Was made cool and sweet by the passing breeze.

And many a song of love and praise
Of the beautiful world and its happy days,
Could be heard as the singers came and went,
With hurrying feet, but with hearts content;
And, after the hours of the busy day,
At office or mart had gone their way,
Male voices swelled the shrill duet,
To the heavier tones of a full quartet.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Their's a labor of love, that made it like play,
Through the happy hours of each perfect day;
And each perfect day with its love and good cheer,
Was only a part of a perfect year:
So, is true friendship, such, is happy life,
When friends can commune without envy or strife,
And, with such communion in labor and song,
The days are too short and years are not long.

While their hearts were still young and the years still new,
Heaven sent its reward for love proved true,
For, into those homes came a newfound joy:
To the one came a girl, to the other a boy;
But, each new joy brings its portion of care,
And each home soon found new cares centered there,
And old songs, whose echoes can never die,
Were softly sung as a lullaby.

Who counts the days or tallies the weeks,
While the roseblush spreads over dimpled cheeks?
Who stops to count at the end of the year,
The watchful nights or the hours of fear?
Who knows how the mite that brings cares and joy,
Is changed so soon to a priceless boy,
Or notes how the seasons swing round in a whirl,
And change a mite to a lisping girl?

The stick hobby-horse, and the noseless doll,
The muddy foot-print seen in the hall,
The wheel-toys and whistles, and tinsels and blocks,
And hoods and caps and mittens and socks,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

All tell why mother cannot spare the time,
To count the hours nor heed the chime,
That tells that the rising and setting sun
Looks down upon work that is never done.

But to hearts full of love and hands nimble and strong,
Love's labor is light through days short or long:
Who counts the worries, or counts the miles,
They travel to gather the kisses and smiles?
Who does not remember the healing grace,
Of a tender kiss on a tearstained face?
What father or mother could afford to miss,
The joy of drying a tear with a Kiss?

Soon the little mite that was only "it,"
Was a busy girl with a name to fit,
And the dimpled hands and chubby feet,
Had found their way to the garden and street,
And unnumbered times each busy day,
A mother's voice called for Willie or May,
For to find the one, was to find the two,
In play or in trespass, both mothers knew.

They chased the chickens and disturbed the bees,
They waded in mud and climbed in the trees,
And a whole ripe apple, pear, or peach,
Was not half so good as a half to each.
Either house was home, they to either could run,
If they wanted sympathy or a sweetened bun:
There was just one rule they were taught to keep:—
"That children and chickens must come home to sleep."

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

They chased the minnows in the shallow streams —

Till their aching limbs caused them troubled dreams:
Was either in fault, which the more to blame?

Neither worse nor better, they were both the same.
From early dawn to the setting sun,

In all that they did they thought as one,
And only a mother can these words define;—
“I love this one best because it is mine.”

To what tender age does a child only feel?

When into its life does thought slyly steal?
Can we learn about love the date of its birth?

Is it sent from Heaven? Does it stay upon earth?
Then why should we wonder or feel surprise,

At a child's thoughtful moods, or its sage replies,
Or regret that it loses its infant charms,
So soon when out of the parents' arms?

One day when fond parents watched Willie and May,
And could hear every word that either would say,
They heard a proposal, in an earnest tone,

That told them their babies to children had grown,
And warned them, that only a few short years,
Would bring them grave hopes and more anxious fears,
And hasten a day when love for another,
Leaves divided love for a chastened mother.

It was May's shrill voice that was heard to say,
“Let me show you, Willie, what we'll do to-day:
You bring a piece of the vine in the trees,
I'll cut from the vine that covers the bees,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

And we'll plant the pieces side by side,
And hold them there with a string tightly tied;
We'll make them grow up in just the same way,
And name one, Willie, and the other, May.

You'll be the fruit, I'll be the flowers,
With the same light and shadow thru the happy hours
We'll be side by side in all kinds of weather,
We won't have to part, we'll just stay together.
But where shall we plant them in the brightest light,
Where the fruit and the flowers will be most in sight?
With each so willing the other to please,
They could not decide the question with ease.

Willie proposed they should ask May's mamma,
While May was content to ask Willie's papa;
So, without decision and without dissent,
Each troubled head to its pillow went,
But both return with the rising sun,
To finish the work not yet begun:
"Now we know" said May, with her eyes agleam,
"God showed it to me in a beautiful dream."

"I saw them up there by the side of the wall,
All safely tied so that neither could fall,
And clusters of grapes and clusters of flowers,
Fed the birds and the bees through the sunny hours,
And sweet happy children came there to play,
And called it the home of Willie and May:
So, there we must plant them and I'll help you,
To watch and tend them till the dream comes true."

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Dong, Ding, Dong, sang the village school-bell,
'Twas a cheerful song that they both loved well,
And the Bye, Bye, kiss at the gate or door,
Left two mothers lonely till the clock struck four.
The A.B.C. and the one-two-three-, repeated a hundred times,
"Love one another as sister and brother," and many olden
rhymes,
But filled in the time, with the hour of play,
Till the roll-call finished the busy day.

If either was tardy, the other was late,
For they always planned to meet at the gate;
Together they went, together they came,
If either offended, they were both to blame.
Resolved that no others their records should pass,
Ambition held them in the lead of their class,
Whether first or second, neither seemed to care,
So long as no others trespassed there.

'Twas the first of May, the schoolbell was ringing,
In the blossoming trees happy birds were singing,
And Willie and May with no time to waste,
Were gathering their books in unusual haste:
They met at the gate with their usual "hallo"
And in the same breath both said "Lets go,"
They reached their line just in time for their places,
And found next in line two smiling new faces.

In life's happiest path there are some aches to soothe,
"The course of true love never did run smooth,"
A graceful courtsey may be cause of a fear,
An innocent smile be the cause of a tear,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

And as Willie and May met those faces fair,
Both felt the weight of a newfound care:
Both met that moment, a new question to vex,
Youth's first great problem, the strife of sex.

When the roll-call was read at the close of the day,
The new names added were Millie and Ray;
What was their ages, where was their home,
Where had they lived, when did they come,
Had they bought a new home and had come to stay,
Or had they rented and would soon move away,
Were they brother and sister, did their parents both live,
And would they attention and obedience give?

They were "fifteen" and "sixteen," they lived on the hill,
In a little brown house just back of the mill,
They had lost their home in another town,
When their mill and tenements all had burned down,
They had bought their new home and had come to live,
And attention and obedience they promised to give;
To and from school their shortest course lay,
Through the streets that were traveled by Willie and May.

Ray was tall and handsome. With politeness and grace,
He met every question with an earnest face.
Millie's frown and smile were as fickle as smoke,
She could turn from the serious to laugh at a joke;
She could turn from her joke with a quickly made frown,
And feign stern reproof of the pranks of a clown.
With manners refined and with faces fair,
They presented themselves an interesting pair.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

The school was dismissed and into the street,
The students all went with hurrying feet.
Past several blocks there were more than a score,
Then for several blocks there were only four;
For two blocks only there was ample plank,
And they chatted along in friendly rank,
But the plank diminished and for half a mile,
They must walk in a single or double file.

Where man goes out to engage a stern fact,
Woman parries a conflict by feminine tact:
When they came to the place where the path was narrow,
Millie dropped out of line like the flight of a sparrow,
And taking May's arm like a welltried friend,
She held her thus to their journey's end.
You must know that our new friends are sister and brother,
Each to have sweetheart must choose another.

When they parted that night at the garden gate,
Neither dared to speak, neither cared to wait,
For, with searching look in each other's eyes,
Both saw the reflection of clouded skies,
And their faltering lips refused to frame
Into words, a fear that they could not name.
Neither willing to suffer, nor give offense,
Both chose to bear the trying suspense.

Who would care to hear or read or write
All the troubled dreams of that first sad night,
When two who had tasted no bitter in life,
Saw the first gathering clouds of threatening strife.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Each would argue with self and then with the other,
About this fair sister and unoffending brother;
No pledge had been given, hence, none had been broken,
Nor could words of reproach by either be spoken.

'Twas a welcome dawn that came at last,
And both were glad when that night had passed.
Each felt a fear neither dared to name,
As if it were a secret akin to shame.
Fear was not fact, hence, no cause to assail
With no right to accuse, words could not avail;
Each feared the other, both were silent and coy,
May went with the girl, Willie went with the boy.

That fear-devised plan gave its own recompense,
For oftentimes detention is as good as defense;
If May was with Millie, and Willie with Ray,
Peace was assured for the passing day.
At first May feared Millie, not to mischief inclined,
She feared her superior graces refined,
But she soon learned that Millie would never offend;—
She was true to herself, she'd be true to her friend.

And Ray who had grown by the same fireside,
Had been taught the same lessons of manly pride,
Had been taught by example, in the world's best school,
The text and spirit of the golden rule.
The secret that Willie tried so hard to hide,
Was revealed so soon to the friend by his side,
A friend he could trust with his honor and treasure,
Who gave weight for weight and measure for measure.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

He who is honest only under restraint,
Has no right to enrobe in the garb of a saint;
He who measures his rights by the length of his chain,
Would break his fetters to increase his grain;
But he who loves honor for honor's sake,
Will not frown at justice nor pledges break:
Millie and Ray in their early youth,
Had been taught to love both friendship and truth.

Our four young friends were in the new school
Of self respect and the golden rule,
And respect that teaches respect for others,
Made these mutual friends like sisters and brothers,
And their mutual confidence abated the fear
That was hid as a secret and did not appear.
Who questions the right of the blushing rose,
To stand in the soil in which it grows,
Or who would dishonor or dare to despise
An innocent love and its sacred ties?

In the secret councils of the inner heart,
There are thoughts and wishes one dares not impart,
And only the promptings of the guided soul,
Keeps words and acts under safe control:
By a compromise easy, but with mutual consent,
With all rights protected and with righteous intent,
They could banish all fear and all cause of doubt,
And one move only would have brought it about.

Who knows by what effort Millie's love was concealed,
Or by what restraint was Ray's not revealed?

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Who knows if Willie or May did not wonder,
If it would not be better with the old tie asunder?
For, if Willie took Millie, and Ray took May,
The angles and tangles would smooth out in a day;
But who of the four would dare to propose,
Or even a hint of such thoughts disclose?

The school-term was ended, and among the trees
And vines and hedges moved the scented breeze,
Where Willie and May spent their happiest hours,
In training their vines and tending their flowers,
While Millie and Ray at the home and the mill,
Had their work to do and their places to fill;
But often at evening, in the twilight gray,
Four voices mingled in song or in play.

Fond parents had watched as fond parents do,
The chapter of trials their dear ones passed through,
But their willing counsel that had not been sought,
Was offered only in prayerful thought;
But when unfeigned laughter met their anxious ears,
And when unfeigned smiles told of banished fears,
They felt such fond love for the girl and the boy,
That their own hearts were filled with sympathetic joy.

A loyal association after an awkward beginning,
Ofttimes wins a prize worth the effort of winning,
And Millie and Ray won devoted friends,
Who were loyal and royal to their journey's end.
While the young people met in frequent reunion,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

The parents would meet in friendly communion.
And around the love that in fear awoke,
Grew friendly ties that never broke.

Four seasons of flowers, and four seasons of snow,
Came and went, as seasons come and go,
And Willie and Ray, then the village pride,
Had won college degrees side by side,
While Millie and May had beguiled the hours,
In training their minds and vines and flowers.
The vines that were christened Willie and May,
Were carefully watched from day to day.

Just when the home-ties are strongest and sweetest,
Just when youth's pleasures are gayest and fleetest,
The stern decree of duty may call,
And change those ties or sever them all:
When the flag that is emblem of freedom and right,
Was threatened with insult by an enemy's might,
Every loyal son was then ready to go
To stand by the flag and face the foe:
There is joy in the tears of a loyal sire,
When a son proves his zeal and patriotic fire,
And when Willie and Ray marched in line amid cheers,
Proud fathers and mothers smiled through their tears.

Let us pass all the chapters of bloodshed and strife,
The horrors of battles, and destruction of life,
And rejoice with Columbia for a victory won,
And pay rightful honors to each worthy son,
Remembering the graves of those who were slain,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

In a prayer that their sacrifice be not in vain :
Let us learn how the home-fires were kept brightly burning,
To welcome our heroes at the hour of returning.

There's a sadder day than the day of starting,
There's a sadder chapter than the story of parting :
After months and years of longing and yearning,
What hopes were crushed at the hour of returning :
The father whose honor had been Willie's pride,
The mother whose prayers had been Ray's guide,
In two silent mounds that were well watched and tended,
Their long prayerful watch and waiting had ended.

Two homes bereft, one of builder, one of guide,
Had only sad faces by their quiet fireside,
But time, the great healer that dries tears and cures pain,
Brought cheer, consolation, and hope back again,
And built one home of the two homes bereft,
And the widow's cottage in silence was left :—
A silence so impressive, by night and by day,
That even the birds seemed to stay away.

Yes, the widow's cottage in silence was left,
But not of attention and care bereft,
For willing hands and watchful eyes,
Were ever on watch as if guarding a prize.
The voiceless faces still looked down from the wall,
The silent clock still hung up in the hall,
And only closed shutters seemed to mutely say,
That the cottage was there but home was away.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Because mutual sympathy gives the kindest relief,
To those afflicted in sorrow and grief,
And, as like affliction is cause of kindred mind,
It is said, "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."
So, out of the fragments of two broken homes,
Through sympathy and love a new home comes,
And she who was friend became Ray's mother,
And he who was friend, became Millie's brother.

The morning inquiry, the fervent bedtime prayer,
And nights of earnest longing, and days of anxious care,
Were the lives of mourning millions who prayed that war
would cease,
And that their absent loved ones might return to homes
and peace.

One more season of snow, one more season of flowers,
One more harvest gathered, then came the happy hours,
When all the world rejoiced the blessed news to spread,
That Freedom's cause was victor, that tyranny was dead.

Bells were ringing, while the air was atremble with cheers,
And wives, mothers, and sweethearts, were in alternate
smiles and tears

And our glorified banner that leads in the cause of right,
Waved high on the breeze like a beacon of blazing light:
Homes were set in order and feasts were laid in store,
While eager hands were ready with a welcome at every door.
It was a time of rejoicing, with everyone eager to learn
When the home-march would be sounded and our heroes
would return.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Long is the passing day to those who must idly wait,
An hour like a lingering age to watchers at the gate,
But to those who hasten their steps from early dawn till noon,
The sun-dial casts its shortest shadow long too soon,
And only the lengthening shadows and waning mellow light,
Warn them that day is fading into approaching night.
Millie and May were so busy with so many things to be done,
That they smiled at the earliest light and frowned at the
setting sun.

They were first to inquire for the latest mail,
And first to know when each transport would sail:
Their blushes betrayed their expectation,
When, in autocar, they were first at the station;
They were first to feel the approaching train,
Ere it came to view in the open plain;
Only modest restraint withheld their cheers,
When the shrill whistle greeted expectant ears.

There are depths of emotion words cannot express,
There are depths of joy that are almost distress,
And while May's heart was bounding in response to wild
cheers,

Millie buried her face to conceal her tears.
With no reason to doubt, May knew they were there,
She followed the line to the most princely air,
And, with one bound, reached her acme of joy,
When held in the arms of her soldier boy.

But where is Millie? Why is she not her?
It was Ray's voice that spoke in a tremble of fear:

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

With an arm about each, May led them along,
To where Millie still stood concealed by the throng:
The heart that was strongest in most trying fears,
Had succumbed to a joy that spoke through her tears;
But, when two strong arms drew her into her place
In a circle of four in a mutual embrace,
A happier moment earth never knew,-
Than that moment given to those four lovers true.

Too much transpired in the following days
With meetings and greetings and words of praise,
To be told in our story which comes to an end,
Where lover meets lover and friend meets friend,
But we know that our readers would long regret
Not to know how Millie her true lover met,
And how Ray, so worthy his country's pride,
Learned to love the girl who became his bride.

'Tis the same old story so many times told,
That the ways of telling have all become old,
How through mutual respect of man for man,
The courtship of sister or brother began.
With Ray, who was hero wherever he went,
'Twas an honor to share lunch or a tent:
It was Ray's good fortune, his extras to share,
With a friend who had many like favors to spare.

When Ray and his friend, whose name was James,
Explained their ancestry, fortune, birthplace and names,
They learned that, as neighbors with but one mile between,
On quite frequent occasions each the other had seen.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

While Ray was so proud of his father and mother,
James was an orphan and without a brother,
But he had a sister who had been his life's care,
And with whom it was pleasure every blessing to share.
Each named his sister as his greatest prize,
And first among social and family ties.

Each had his Bible with family-record in place,
Each carried a picture of a beautiful face,
Each carried some letters that were many times read,
And their contents discussed in camp and in bed.
When a packet arrived and new letters came,
Whether to Ray or to James it was much the same,
For, news was news, if it came from home,
And it mattered little how it happened to come.

Each read his letters and then passed them over,
To be read again from cover to cover.
If they shared in the reading, why not in the writing?
But who was first brave and did the inviting
We do not know, but, it came about some way,
That some letters to Millie were not written by Ray
And up in the corners there was change of names,
Because some letters to Edith were not written by James.

To the girls had been given such full explanation,
That they quite understood the unique situation.
To comply with request and their own wish to go,
Millie and May went to see Edith Rowe.
What surprise they met at a stranger's door,
When kisses by a girl they had known before:

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

The day was spent in a most pleasing way,
By the three who were ever dear friends from that day.

When heroes as victors return from wars,
Wearing badges of honor and marked with scars,
It is fitting time, if one claim with pride,
The promised hand of a worthy bride.
When nature is wearing her richest green,
And flowers in clusters and garlands are seen,
And song-birds are singing their merriest lays,
It is fitting time for wedding-days.

It was May-day and over a path hung a floral arch,
Under which three bridal couples would march,
And twelve little girls in snow-white dresses,
With beaming faces and floating tresses,
Moved in a circle and completed the role,
Of fairies dancing around the May-pole,
While a venerable divine with kindly eyes,
Stood ready to utter the nuptial ties.

Benedictions and flowers, and even tears,
Bespoke invocation of blessings and years;
The wedding-feast and the sparkling bowl,
The wordless message from soul to soul,
The endless ring, love's appropriate token,
And uttered vows that would ne'er be broken,
Were memorable events and befitting joys,
In their last happy day as girls and boys.

The ties were pronounced and the wedding-march
Set the place of the guests who repassed through the arch,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

And as Millie and James, and Edith and Ray,
Led the procession that marched away,
Willie and May stood beneath the vines,
Where each with the other intertwines,
And mutually agreed that they always knew
That Heaven would let May's dream come true.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

RESIGNATION

I strayed in the paths of long ago,
With measured step, and head bent low,
To hear the voices that mingled there
When the heart was young and untouched by care;
But a passing breeze, as it moved along,
Instead of bringing me laughter and song,
Brought a sigh and moan from that quiet glade
Where the friends I loved are together laid.

I went o'er the hill to the sunnier side
Where I strolled at eve with a happy bride.
I found the same sun with its burning stare,
And the tree where we carved our names with care
And dates that tell why my hair is gray;
How the years in decades have passed away,
And I wonder not at my pensive mood
As again I stand where so oft we stood.

I went to the orchard I planted with care,
In measured rows both straight and square,
And memory, a truer companion than sight,
Brought to my view a vision most bright;
When mingled odors of blossoming trees
Sent out to the hillside a scented breeze,
And the air was astir with the voice of spring—
'Twas heaven on earth, 'twas a beautiful thing;

'Twas a wonderful sight and I fain would gaze
On memory's picture of happy days,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

But the spell was broke, and I turned again
To count my units in rows of ten,
But many were gone like the friends of the past,
Their bodies and limbs to the fire had been cast,
And I counted the waste by the *vacant spaces*
As we try to number the *absent faces*.

Some spreading their limbs as if coveting space,
Some reached higher up in angular grace,
Some hung their lean arms as if ready to fall,
And age and decay had marked them all.
I turned from this scene with a saddened heart
To drive back the tears that were ready to start,
For rust and decay and the blight of age
Are tarnishing blots on memory's page.

I went to the spring where liquid life
Mingled with sunbeams in flickering strife,
And my heart almost stopped with a shock of pain
As I met my changed image reflected again.
Where was the elfin who mimicked each look,
When a youth, I drank in his mystic nook,
And who this strange warden who meets me now
With serious gaze and furrowed brow?

The elfin who mimics each face in the rills,
And mimics, in echoes, each voice in the hills,
The fairy who paints the gay tints in the flowers
And the beautiful rainbow behind the showers,
The ghosts and phantoms that call up the past
Do they all grow old and perish at last?

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Do the mystic things of earth and sky
Like mortal things grow old and die?

I went to the church-yard and read on stone
Where the friends of my youth and their friends had
gone;

I stood again on that sacred spot,
Allotted to me as a family plot,
Where one lone grave did its confines claim,
And one lone stone bore an angel's name,
And the verse I've repeated these many years,
I cannot read through blinding tears.

Why a family plot with one grave alone?
Why a family plot with one gray stone?
'Tis a story too sad to repeat again,
How the heart was crushed with its burden of pain,
Why the family plot had one grave alone,
And the mourner's row was reduced to one,
But the heart is prone to retell its grief
As if in the telling it finds relief.

One son whose hand should have guided the plow,
In a mariner's grave is sleeping now;
Another, whose arm should have been my support,
In a city's great fire had his mission cut short.
The number of victims shall never be known,
And the mourners could never reclaim their own.
The sun that hid in the western sea,
Left a world full of sorrow and darkness to me.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

God gave us an image of my helpmeet and bride
She fashioned our heaven and fostered our pride
Till we fancied that Heaven would be a dull place
Without this one angel of light and grace.
And we whispered our fear that a call from the skies
Might take us away from our earthly prize.
Heaven gave her to us, God had sent her to stay;
We could strike at the hand that would take her away.

But the great law of Heaven, the family tree
That gave me her mother and gave her to me
Would lengthen the chain and bring to her side
The man who would woo her and make her his bride.
So we hushed every plaint and were reconciled
To find our own joy in the joy of our child
And we held out our hands to the favored one
And received at our hearth a welcome son.

But he gave her his name and his family tree
Soon threw out a branch bearing names of three,
And the branch I had fostered with prayer and pride,
Was but broken twigs that had withered and died.
The laughter and song that had rung through the hall
Came in fading echoes at memory's call,
And the birds that had joined in each cheerful refrain
Hushed their gladdening song and came not again.

But my portion of grief had not filled my cup:—
There were bitter dregs that I yet must sup,
And as if to teach what the heart can bear,
I must stand by the grave and see buried there,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

The wife who had shared every sorrow and grief,
Who, in every affliction gave potent relief,
By the touch of whose hand she could make me forget,
When she said be brave dear one, I am with you yet.

Ere the emblems of grief had been laid aside,
While the welling tears refused to be dried,
A messenger came from my daughter's home,
Bidding father, in haste to her bedside to come.
Too late, they said, as I reached the door,
Our loved one has passed to the other shore.
She said farewell to each one by her side,
Then seemed to rest on the ebbing tide.
But she roused to say "O Dear Angel wait,
Just one more farewell ere you close the gate."

Do the plans of Heaven sometimes fail upon earth?
Do intended blessings give sorrow and dearth?
Do our untaught souls know so little of good
That the blessings of Heaven are not understood?
Must we cry o'er each joy, and find in each tear
A crystalline jewel, as we journey here?
Must we learn that love is more than half our pain,
That the more our affliction the greater our gain?

A well kept grave where our darling was laid,
With its mound neatly trimmed by the sexton's spade
Is marked with a name that was once my pride,
When she knelt at the altar a happy bride.
But my heart rebels at the broken chain,
And at each broken link that was forged in vain.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

So I turned to the plot that is all my own,
Where the sweetness of sadness is mine alone.

Tho it fell my portion, I should be bereft,
That my dear ones would leave me, that I should be
left,

Still, I cannot complain of an unfair measure
Of Heaven's blessings or of earthly treasure;
For two score years, mine the brimming bowl
That gave richest blessings to cheer the soul.
Till, to bounty inured, 'tis the sadder to stay,
When the most prized blessings have been taken away.

My tears are consoling: they are not of regret;
My past is all I have of my own;
I cherish remembrance; I would not forget
Those joys that are past and gone.
How much sweeter the thought of a fruitful past,
Though I failed to keep and cherish my gain;
Though those joys were lost, or could not last
Remembrance is sweet and gives more peace than pain.

A sweet resignation steals into my heart,
As I ponder the love of each loved one and friend,
And know that each one that was called to depart,
Was true from the first and true to the end.
Then scoff not my tears, nor deem me weak,
If my voice sometimes trembles when I try to speak;
For though great my pain, and great my loss
I would follow HIM who bore his own cross.

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

CONSOLATION THRU RESIGNATION

Why so sad, my dear on this glorious morn
When the song-birds rejoice o'er a perfect day?
Why sit moping here, with a look forlorn,
When the smiling sunbeams invite you to play?
Has the world gone wrong? Is its order awry?
Or, are you perverse with the things that be?
Have you cause thus to sit, with a frown and a sigh,
Like a hampered soul that longs to be free?

Brother my journey has been dreary and long,
My load is too heavy, my path rough and steep:
I can find no time to enjoy play and song,
While I watch my path and its windings keep.
Can you tell me why in a world so wide,
So many afflictions must fall in our way,
And while new ones come upon every tide
Though new ones come the old ones stay?

Tell me why we should prize any earthly thing,
When all is so fleeting and cannot stay,
And why praise the flowers and birds of spring,
When their fragrance and song can last but a day;
It is love in vain if our love is spurned,
It is love in vain if it shall not last,
It is love in vain if it be not returned.
It is love in vain if all of the past.

If the lily must die and dead leaves remain,
And all that we love turn to dross and decay,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Why tie our hearts to an anchor of pain,
By loving those things that soon pass away?
Perhaps I'm perverse with the things that be,
I am weary and long to be reconciled,
Pray give me the light that will help me to see
While I sit by your side and learn as a child.

My dear, your estimate of life is all wrong;
The world is so full of beauty and song,
That through surfeit of blessings you fail to prize
The richest blessings beneath the skies;
And when others rejoice for what you disdain,
You think you have reason to fret and complain,
Quite forgetting that Heaven is not debtor to you
For all that you are, or all you can do.

Let us walk in the garden and study the flowers,
And watch the cheerful industrious bee
As it ceaselessly works without counting the hours
An example and precept for you and for me.
Were the flowers created to feed the bee?
Were the bees put on earth for the flowers?
Does the bee store its honey for you and for me?
No, no, the honey it stores is not ours.

The flowers are a part of Heaven's own plan,
They were not created for the bee nor for man:
Their beauty we prize each in different degree,
For beauty is not *what*, but, *how* do we see.
No more than the flower or the bee is man,
In his power to change Heaven's well ordered plan

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

But with reason to guide us to choose the best,
More than all the other creatures we're divinely blest.

Would you be as the birds with instinct as guide?
Would you sacrifice reason man's boasted pride?
Would you be as the plants that do nothing but grow
To escape the worries of all that you know?
Then be cheerful my dear all your journey through;
The afflictions that fall are not sent upon you
Though it be your lot, or perhaps mine to fall
By the great law of chance that covers us all.

Do the flowers complain that forever their dress
Is of unchanged style and of unchanged hue,
That forever their leaves bear but one impress,
As the seasons change and bring garments new?
Does the lily ask for a yellow crown?
Or the golden buttercup one of blue?
Or the mottled cosmos a snow-white gown,
As they gather the glistening drops of dew?

Would the snow-drops bask in a July sun,
Or icicles hang in the blossoming trees,
Or the finny tribes o'er the deserts run,
Or the yeoman's herds go graze in the seas?
No, No, For in all of creation's plan
Fitness and order were first in the scheme:
Then why should complaining discordant man,
Seek not to obey the divine regime?

We must all be resigned to creation's plan,
Not as if made for the use of man,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

But as governing man, his unfailing guide
As it governs the seasons and governs the tide
And if by its laws the flowers come and go,
The autumn with fruits, the winter with snow,
How can we complain of the liberal plan
That gives many seasons and changes to man.

What change would you name if you still complain?
Would you pass with the flowers, would you have them remain?
In short, would you ask a co-temporal span,
For all things on earth, with the life of man?
Then what of the seasons and fruits and seeds
And what of the briars and nettles and weeds?
Thus we come to the truth that the ages tell,
That God, in creation, did all things well.

And to show that the laws of creation's plan,
Are inexorable laws that we all must obey,
The laws were not made for the use of man,
The laws were ordained before Adam's day;
As a part of creation, like the birds and the bees,
Like the lilies and lilacs, like the rocks and the trees
Man is only a part, though divinely blest
With more power and glory than all the rest.

And to further prove to the finite mind,
That the God who created can well preserve
Every substance and class, every species and kind,
So long as their state does His purposes serve
He bids you destroy just one grain of gold,
Or one briny drop from the great surging sea

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Or one ray of sunshine by heat or by cold,
Or one trembling leaf that hangs on a tree.

The gold may be changed to a thousand forms,
The drop may be whipped through a thousand storms
The sunshine may hide 'neath the somber cloud,
And the leaves lie in heaps 'neath earth's winter shroud,
But the gold is gold, for it has no dross,
And the drop, though in mist, cannot suffer loss;
From the substance of leaves must nature rebuild
Many beauties of earth that the sunshine must gild.

Should a wanton hand your flowers remove
While their beauty remained to reward your toil,
It were right to complain, it were just to reprove
The one whose hand could thus wantonly spoil,
But leaves have their season to wither and fall
They wait not the blight of the north wind's breath,
It is thus they provide a mantle and pall
For the germ of life thus enwrapped by death.

Then ask not that things of Divine decree
Shall ever be changed for you or for me,
For to change their order for puny man
Would disturb the world and its beautiful plan.
Do you not see beauty in this law divine,
That the life-germ shall sleep in the mantle of death?
Then why shudder, or think that your life or mine
Shall be snipped as a flame when we lose our breath?

Is the lily dead, did I hear you ask?
Does the lily die may I ask of you?

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Go give to the seer this onerous task,
And charge him well that he tell you true.
And what do you ask when you say "die," and "dead,"
And what import strange do these words conceal,
Do they draw our thoughts to the immutable thread
That only the will of God can reveal?

No, No, My dear, the lily's not dead;
It will come again in the awakening spring;
Though it rest or sleep in its wintry bed,
It will come again a living thing.
And if longer our rest, or longer our sleep
Will there be no springtime, no awakening day?
Will the grave forever closed portals keep?
Our living souls respond to say, nay.

Have you failed to note that the densest cloud
Is made but of vapor light and thin,
That the thorniest rose that in your garden grows,
Has the sweetest and richest fragrance within?
That the longest road must have an end,
And the highest mountain must have a top.
That wherever your path or wheresoever it trend
That, somewhere, there's a place to stop?

If the birds and the bees, the flowers and the trees
Have nothing to choose in creation's plan
Though of higher award than any of these
No more can we change our temporal span;
We may choose to move in the sunbeams bright,
Or in gloomy shadow complain and repine;

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

We may use our sense to enjoy the light,
Or all of the blessings of life decline.

The contagion of cheer is a blessed boon
The contagion of gloom is a scourging blight,
The contagion of joy makes a sunny noon,
The contagion of woe makes a dismal night;
Hence we owe to the world and ourselves the while
All the joy and cheer we can cause or find,
And the world will repay in frown or smile
For the world is just and repays in kind.

Then forget your burden, 'tis a borrowed load,
And forget your journey and the rugged road,
For the seasons and cycles that make all things new,
Bring the world and its blessings an offering to you
The flower is a promise; Why should it remain,
When the fruit, its fulfilment is its end and gain?
In a cradle of beauty is each unit born;
The flowers are the garlands, the birth-place adorn.

The freshness of youth, the matureness of age,
Are beauties we prize in each changing stage;
The procession of things that come to our view,
Must remove the old to bring in the new,
And we as units must move on in pace
For no alternate ever can take our place.
In the great procession thus moving along,
Be resigned in knowing you cannot go wrong.

Were it given to me to change just one law
I would hold both my hands in trembling awe,

THE REWARD OF PATIENT LOVE

Lest the change I would make to improve the plan
Might cause countless ills to my fellow man.
For I challenge man in his bold conceit,
To devise a world so nearly complete,
It is not in the power of the finite mind
To conceive a new blessing for all mankind—

God's munificent plans have fulfilled the task,
Of giving more blessings than we know how to ask.
Hence our greatest need is more wisdom to choose
The best of the blessings we have to use,
And wisdom to show us the better way
To enjoy those blessings from day to day,
For this dear old world is much as we take it,
And our sunshine or shadow is much as we make it.

The sum of our joy in life while here,
Is in being resigned to our lot and sphere.
Hence our intricate theme may be named Resignation,
Though it is not unmixed with sweet Consolation.
There is so much in knowing from day to day,
That the order of things does not pass away,
That our lives may be planned and our prayers so accord.
That we ask not in vain for Heaven's reward.

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Treatment Date: Oct. 2009

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